

THE
LOYAL LOVERS:

A
Tragi-Comedy.

Written by Major
COSMO MANUCHE.



L O N D O N,

Printed for Thomas Eglesfield at the Brazen Serpent in
St Paul's Church-yard. 1652.



The Names of the Persons presented.

Corianus, A noble person betrothed to *Apfia*.

Adrastus,
Albinus,
Symphronio, } Loyall Comrades.

Gripe-man, A Committee-man.
Sent-well, A creature of *Gripe-man's*, an Informer.
Sodome, One of the Synod.
Atheos, Governour of a Sea-town.
Rogastus, A Lievtenant under *Atheos*.

Mettle, Servant to *Adrastus*.
Perjurus, Servant, and Clark to *Gripe-man*.

Letesia, Daughter to *Gripe-man*.
Apfia, Servant to *Letesia*, disguised, and call'd *Clarathea*.

Riggle, A common strumpet.
Souldiers.
A Book-cryer.

The SCENE *Amsterdam*.

A 2

The

The Author to his Honorable Friends.

THink mee not proud as poar, when you shall see
I borrow not in my necessity.

And should I steal, (though common in this age)
I should (by some) be trap't in every page.

Then hue and cry comes forth, swiftly pursu'd
At length I'm taken, guiltie found, and mew'd.

Now, as for Justice, (faith) I'm like to finde
Her, like Fortune muffled, if not stark blinde.

All Deprecations then, when deprehended,
Little availe mee; The Judge ascended

Appears two Critick wouldbees, point blank swears
That all the wit they found about mee 's theirs.

Which grant it were, let it be prais'd by sence,
And 'twill be found not worth 'bove thirteen pence,
Which wants of halter proof. Now 'twere ill done

To hang a man ne're rob'd 'twixt sun and sun,
Nor have I stoln by night, (as I can think)

Unlesse 'twere home to bed full freight with drink,
But such, as wanted virtue to infuse

The Heliconian fire into my Muse.

I know you'l guess what beer and ale can do,
Where daily care 's had to procure that too.

My Jury now (might I but choofe) should be
Such as hath liv'd high, and know miserie,

And if such quit mee not, I'm sure they'l say,
'Twas (partly) want of money spoyl'd my play.

Since Ile not steal, nor borrow, give mee wit;

'Tis in your power to make mee purchase it.

I cannot blush to own what comes from friends,
Give, and forgive, I have obtain'd my Ends.

THE
LOYALL LOVERS:
A
Tragi-Comedy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter *Adrastus*, looking on his watch.

Adrastus.

MY Youths have forfeited their pottle;
'Tis almost ten of clock. ————— Enter *Book-cryer*.

Book. Come new new new new

Who buyes my new books here?

Adrast. What books have you got there, Sirrah?

Book. Newly come forth, and newly printed.

Why (Sir!) here is, how conspicuously the Hogans are conculcated
by their own Adulation,

Adrast. Those are hard words, Sirrah.

Book. But altogether in fashion. I can assure you, Sir.

Adrast. Not with those that understand them not.

Book. Sir, you do most prodigioussly mistake; there being an order
they should passe without exception where there is the spirit of pronounciation.

Adrast. Pray let me have more facetious language,
and lesse of your spirit.

Book. Sir, I know your minde, And shall endeavour to pleasure you presently.
Let mee see, here is A true, perfect, and exact account of Justice *Dapper*, and his
Clark's Sodomitical revenue, to the great disabling, and impoverishing the
Active, and well-affected Females.

Adrast. Come give mee that, what others have you?

Book. Why here is another, of a famous Doctor's miraculous
obteining the Philosophers Stone.

Adrast. Doth your book speak how?

Book. Yes Sir, that either the Stone, or a perfect receipt to obtain it,
was preserved in a wrack, and cast on this shore;
which hee hath purchased, to the unspeakable content of all his beleevers.

Adrast. What is the price of them both?

Book. A groat Sir, I can assure you.

Adrast. Sirrah, that's too much, here's three pence for you.

Book. Why Sir? Justice *Dapper*, and his Clerk's revenue
is worth three pence; And do you think
the Philosophers Stone cost mee nothing.

Adrast. Here Crackrope, here's your money.

The Loyall Lovers.

You make a brave trade of this, Sirrah.

Book. In troth Sir, but a bare lively hood; for where I get
A penny by the Philosophers stone, there's *Dapper* and his Clark
Gets ten pounds by the well-affectèd female.

Adrast. 'Tis very probable; for they often for a touch
Change Drossie into Gold. Farwell Sirrah.

Book. Thank you good Master, I hope to have rare news for you next week.
Come new new. who buyes my choise new new here?

Pox on't. Here's a dispensation for oaths necessarie, sticks damnably on my hands;
The people refusing to buy, as if they had it all by Rote. ————— *Exit Book.*

Enter to *Adrast.* *Albinus*, *Symphronio*.

Albin. *Adrastus*, good day to you: what, at your study thus early?

Adrast. A study your neglect invited mee to spend my idle time.

Albin. Team not that neglect (Dear friend) which wee'l confesse

A fault of Drowinesse.

Adrast. Come, come, you are sluggards both. I hope you will confesse
You have forfeited your pottle.

Symph. VVee have. And when you please demand it;
You'l finde us ready pay-masters.

Albin. But what books were you so seriously meditating on?

Adrast. Strange books, which wee'l peruse
VVhen you shall pay your forfeits.

Symph. It wants not much of noon, what think you of it now?

Albin. I, I, let's march.

Adrast. 'Tis sure too soon.

Albin. Not to be merry, wee have been sad too long.

Adrast. Then lead the way.

Albin. Come let us walk *Symphronio*, 'tis wee must pay:

Enter *Gripeman* and *Sent-well*.

Exeunt Omnes.

Gripe. *Sent-well*, wee thinks thou art not half so active as thou wer't wont.
Sure thou art grown rich of late.

Sent. 'Tis (as you say) of late, if I be rich.

Gripe. 'Tis thy own fault thou art not. Thou art young,
VVhen I was at thy years, I would have stir'd my self i-faith,
Such getting times as these,

VVhy there is old *Firmstand* would make half a dozen of us.

Sent. Yes, a weary with running up and down after him
As I have done. I have followed him, like his shadow,
Dayly this half year, and to no purpose.

Gripe. *Sent-well*, you give mee no account of the five pounds
You had of mee to furnish your Comrades
That undertook to trap him.

Sent. Had it been more 't had gone; I am out of purse an Angel
About that businesse. You reckon still what you are out of purse,
But do forget what I have brought you in,
(I will not say by my just information)

Gripe. I do remember, I do remember, *Sent-well*,
But could wee trap old *Firmstand*,

VVee might lye still and rest a moneth.

Sent. Sir, I have tryed all wayes man could invent to undo him :
Intruded into his company, not only once or twice,
But times innumerable ; And *Proteus*-like, varied my shape,
And fac't him down that I was not my self.
Yet hee, so cautious (still) in drink, or other waies,
That not a syllable, tending to th' States abuse,
I e're could hear him utter.

Gripe. VVhy then wee must another way to work before hee leaves the town :
Hee never (yet) saw *Perjurus* my Clark.

Sent. Never, to my best of knowledge.

Gripe. It must be so, *Sent-well* : *Perjurus* and you shall to his
Lodging go ; And under some pretence of businesse
That *Perjurus* shall seem to have with him,
Fall in discourse or 'h State.

Sent. VVhich hee will hardly do, or if hee should, hee'l cautious be
VVhat language hee delivers.

Gripe. No matter, if that will not do, *Perjurus* and you shall swear.

Sent. VVee heard him speak treason 'gainst the State.

Gripe. Right, very right.

Sent. Not so very right neither. Sir, you know mee to be your creature,
But you have so slenderly rewarded mee for such like actions,
I know not what to think on't.

Gripe. No more, no more, all shall be well. I must away to see
There's no injustice done about sharing the VViddows goods
VVee caus'd to be plundered. *Sent-well.* let mee alone
'Bout eight of clock this evening to plot your businesse
For old *Firmstand* ; and for thy part,
Thou shalt have trebble share.

Exit Gripe.

Sent. I think so too. The trebble Gallows, if wee had our due. — *Exit Sent.*

Enter *Letesia*, *Clarath*, and

Perjurus.

Clarath. Mistresse, have you any acquaintance in the Change ?

Letes. Not I, *Clarath* : Hast Thou ?

Clarath. Not I truly ; but it matters not much, for I have often
Found strangers to part with their Commodities
At cheaper rates then those that would be thought our friends.

Enter *Adrast.* *Symph.*

Letes. You wagge, speak softly, or you'll be heard.

Adrast. Now by the Gods I have not seen a rarer piece.
In all my travells.

Symph. Beshrew mee but shee is handsom.

Let's walk and observe her.

Adrast. Dear *Symphronia*, wait an opportunity to accost her maid, and know
Her name and being. — *Exit Letes.* *Clarath.* and *Perjurus.*

Symph. So quick, shee's gone, I'll follow her, and it shall go hard but I'll be
Able to give you punctuall satisfaction. — *Exit Symph.* and enters immediately.
But do you hear, you'll not be scrupulous to pay

This

this debt, and pimp when flesh invites.

Adrast. No, no, my friendship stand engaged.

Symph. I'll take't, farewell.

—Exit *Symph.*

Adrast. I feel an unaccustomed qualm, I hope I am not caught.

If I mistake not, she more then ordinarily eyed mee.

VVhy how now *Adrastus*? have I stood the shock of so many sparkling eyes, to shrink now in thy prime of judgment? but 'twill away again I hope.

Yet why may not shee deserve my love? I have made no vow that I have broke, nor ere prophan'd at *Cupid's* Altar: *Venus* assist me then, and let it work.

Enter *Albinus*.

Albin. Noble *Adrastus*, what all alone? where's *Symphronio*?

Adrast. Faith I have employed him in a businesse, hee'll not be scrupulous in telling thee.

Enter *Symphronio*.

Albin. See here hee is come. Sure 'twas some merry businesse hee looks so pleasant 'bout the mouth.

Symphronio prethee make us partakers of your mirth.

Symph. That you shall, just at the turning out o' h change I gave the Maid a pull by the coat.

Albin. VVhat Maid, in the name of *Cupid*?

Symph. Thou man of ignorance, be silent, and give ear.

Shee turn'd about, and with a smiling countenance

Told mee I was mistaken, they were not for my turn.

Her Mistresse hearing her, look't back, and blush't,

Then caus'd her man go forward.

I, resolv'd not to return unsatisfied, fell on again,

And with a civil Confidence told her I had a reasonable

Request, shee, in two or three words could satisfie.

At which she made a stand, and gave mee leave to ask her Mistresse

Name, and dwelling. Shee readily answered,

'Twas more then shee had Commission for to do.

Yet for that I look't like an honest Gentleman,

(That could not harbor a dishonorable thought) she would. --- *Albin hums by.*

Shee told mee her father, — And there shee stopp'd, and sigh'd,

As if she thought him unworthy so heavenly a childe.

At last shee brought it out, telling mee, her Master

(Father to that Gentlewoman) was call'd *Gripe-man*;

His dwelling in the High-street; And this his Daughter

And only childe, was named *Letesia*.

I courteously thank't her, and so departed.

Albin. Hey day, what stuffe's here? all this ceremony for a wench?

You might have courted (with lesse ado) the holiest

Sister in the City, and have sped too.

Adrast. Peace, peace you wag; upon my soul shee is
A virtuous creature.

Albin. Præsto ingage not thy soul for the female sex, they are brittle ware.

Adrast. Thou wouldst adore her sex during life,
Did'st thou but see her face.

The Loyall Lovers.

Albin. Is it a friend of yours that hath the letting of her out,
You so extoll her?

Adrast. Leave jesting; By *Jupiter* I dare swear shee is virtuous;
Would I had never seen her face.

Albin. By *Cupid* hee is serious; nay if the winde blow there,
Come, come, let's pack.

No cure for love like a good cup of sack. ————— *Ex.Om.*

Enter Letesia Claratha.

Letes. How now *Claratha*, what taken up i'th streets by Gallants?

Clarath. Not by Gallants, Mistresse; And for taking up the place
Was not convenient; which had it been

I should have saved him that labor,

And have taken up for him.

Letes. You should.

Clarath. Faith like enough, had wee been both agreed.

Letes. Thou art a mad soul, but faith deal truly with mee,
What his businesse was.

Clarath. Cannot you guess?

Letes. 'Twere strange I should;
Do'st take mee for a Witch?

Clarath. No I'le besworn, nor I beleeve hee neither; for if hee had,
Hee would not have so earnestly enquired after you.

Letes. After mee?

Clarath. Even so; his businesse was to know your name and habitation.

Letes. Prethee wench be serious.

Clarath. By my maiden-head 'tis truth.

Letes. That's but a ticklish oath, may I beleeve it?

Clarath. Seriously, most true.

Letes. And didst thou tell him?

Clarath. I did indeed.

Letes. Urg'd hee to know no more?

Clarath. But onely so. 'Tis your father calls, Away. ————— *Ex.Omnes.*

Enter Riddle, Sodome following her, and Mettle
following him.

Sod. That Lady should be right by her swimming gate.

I am provok't, and must have eate. ————— *calls.*

Sister, sister, his't, his't, why sister.

Rigg. Would you ought with mee, Sir?

Sod. Lady, 'tis dark.

Rigg. 'Tis very true. Sir! Can you make it lighter?

Mett. You may with standing on your head;

For there's no doubt you burn below. ————— *aside.*

Sod. My directions (Fair Lady!) will be

No stumbling block to you.

Mett. No, I dare swear, shee will by them finde

A very even way to hell.

This is some zealous brother troubled with rebellious flesh.

I will observe them further. ————— *aside.*

The Loyall Lovers.

Sod. If my heartily profered service appear not troublesome,
I shall perform the duty of a servant,
And wait upon you home.

Rigg. Sir, I thank you. But mee thinks your habit
And your language are not well match't.

Sod. However match't, they shall agree to do you service.

Mett. This is no Rogue.

aside.

Rigg. Sir, to give you answer. I am this night to encounter
With a friend about some businesse
That much concerns my livelyhood.

Mett. I beleeeve so; And may concern his death
If hee procure not the better Chirurgion.

aside.

Sod. Lady, shall I request you make mee then so happy
As let mee know where I may wait on you to morrow?

Rigg. So it be in the evening, where you please.

Sod. Pray name the place most convenient for you,
And I'll not faile to attend you.

Rigg. What think you of the Naked-boy in Flesh lane?

Sod. The hour now, and I'll not fail you, Lady.

Rigg. 'Tween four and five ith' evening.

Sod. Till when, your faithfull servant.

Lady, all happinesse attend you.

Ex. Sodome.

Rigg. Good night to you, courteous Sir.

Ex. Rigg.

Mett. O here is rare sport for Mounseieur *Albinus*,
My masters friend.

Well, Brother Zealot, if my wits not fail,
I'll have an excellent Cure to cool your tail.

Ex. Mettle.

Enter *Adrastus*, *Albinus*, *Symphronio*, and *Drawer*,
as in a Tavern.

Albin. *Drawer*, be sure you let's have that that's right.

Draw. Sir, I'll play with any Vintner (confia'd within the circuit
Of a hundred mile) Canarie 'gainst Canarie.

Albin. Well Sirrah, let your wine be rich as your words,
And I'll bet on your side.

Draw. I'll warrant you Sir.

Ex. Drawer.

Albin. *Mettle*, welcom to town,

Enter *Mettle*.

How do our friends ith' countrey?

Mett. All well, Sir. Sir, here are letters for you.

gives Adrastus letters.

Adrast. Sirrah, I look't for you two dayes ago.

Mett. Sir, your letters speak my occasion of stay.

Adrast. reads to himself.

Symph. And how? And how honest *Mettle*?

Mett. Your faithfull servant, Sir.

I have rare sport in chase for you.

Albin. For mee, *Mettle*?

Mett. For you Sir, if you please pursue it.

Symph. Here is a cup of Sack to your welcom to town, *Mettle*.

Mett. I thank you, Sir.

Albin. Nay give him t'other cup. What newes *Adrastus*?

Adrast.

Adraft. The newes is, they write to mee for newes.

Albin. *Adraftus*, Lore your top sail: Vive la Roy. ——— *Albinus drinks.*

Adraft. Come, away with it; *Symphonio*, to you.

Symph. Thanks good *Adraftus*.

Albin. Come *Mettle*, the rare sport you talk off, what is't?

Mett. Why Sir? some hour since, making enquiry for my master,
(Though somewhat dark) I could discover a zealous Brother
In hot pursuit of a wench; hee followed her,
I followed him: at length with complementall language
Hee assaulted her, who seemed somewhat shy at first;
At last, pretending earnest occasions for her excuse this night,
Shee engaged to-morrow evening to meet him, 'twixt four and five.
The bargain driven thus, they parted severall waies.
I followed the wench, and pretending my self to be his man,
Told her, my master had considered, and would requit her
The meeting might be by three ith' afternoon.

Albin. What design hadst thou in that?

Mett. Sir, as thus: That if in case you and my master
Fancy a scene of mirth, I'll bring you to the place
By three oth' clock, where (without doubt)
You'll finde her. Then you have time enough before hee comes,
For to contrive (which without doubt shee will consent to)
Some punishment fits your mirth, and worthy so base an abuser
Of the Common-wealth.

Albin. Excellent *Mettle*! Here drink this for mee. ——— *gives him money.*

Mett. You binde mee to you, Sir.

Albin. *Adraftus*, Pox of your melancholy, there's no denyall,
You must (in this design) along with us to morrow.

Adraft. I shall consider of it.

Albin. Consider mee no considers, you must go with us.

Symph. Hee must, hee must.

Adraft. *Mettle*, come hither. ——— *Adraft. & Mettle whisper. Mett. goes of.*

Albin. Prethee *Adraftus*, ingeniously tell mee,
Doth not this wench, this shee fayrie-female trouble thee?
Thou wer't not wont to be thus off the hooks.

Adraft. Wilt thou not laugh at mee, if I should confesse?

Albin. Faith no: I ever could distinguish between a friend
Seriously deserving pitie, and objects fit for laughter.

Adraft. I know not what you call being in love,
But if I not enjoy her, I must forget
There can be joy on earth.

Albin. Injoy? Do'st know what 'tis thou would'st injoy?
Shee may be (for ought I can perceive) thou know'st
Not worthy thy affection.

Adraft. Can there be so much beauty
Without a world of virtue and desert?

Albin. *Symphonio*, you know her fathers house.

Symph. If what her maid delivered to mee be true, I do.

Albin. *Adrastus*, few hours will make known if she worthily deserve,
Which when discovered, and that I finde her worthy thy affection,
Imploy Thy *Albinus*: And if I faile to serve Thee, to my last drop of blood,
May miserie enforce mee take up arms against
My naturall Princee.

Symph. The same wish I; And I know nothing worse.

Adrast. My noble friends, I thank you, and cordially beleeeve you,
What e're (through weaknesse) I deserve.

Now for contrivance, how to obtain that happy houre
Wherein I may reveal my thoughts to her, (none else being by)
To mee appears miraculous.

Albin. That, I'll engage my life, you speedily shall do.

Adrast. It is impossible, how can'tt thou contrive it?
It were a happinesse I dare not hope for.

Albin. Be not too incredulous, this I'll perform,
Or ne're draw sword again.

Symph. My life for't, what hee undertakes, hee'll confidently
Go through with.

Adrast. O *Symphronio*, I know his will, would hee had power equall:

Albin. I hope on the condition I do your businesse, you will
Accompany us to morrow to *Mettle's* Wench and holy Brother.

Adrast. I will, and what lies in mee to encrease your mirth
I really shall act.

Albin. Why that's well said. Now for your businesse,
Some time this night will I procure a suit of clothes, with which
(My periwick left off) I well may passe for round amongst the Synod.
The issue of my businesse expect to hear to morrow.

Drawer, Drawer, to pay? ————— Enter *Drawer*.

Draw. Sir, you shall know presently. ————— Exit *Drawer*.

Adrast. Name but your hour of return,
And wee'l expect you here.

Albin. There's no place better; by nine or ten ith' morning
I will be with you.

Symphronio, give mee a note of the old mans house and name. — Enter *Drawer*:

Symph. That at our lodging you shall have.

Drawer, what's to pay?

Draw. Four shillings and a penny.

Symph. Eighteen pence club will do it.

Drawer, the rest take for your pains.

Draw. Thank you Gentlemen, you are very kindly welcom.

Peerce, show a light down stairs.

'Tis all paid ith' Kings-head, ————— *Ex. Om.*

Enter *Letesia* sol.

How have I lost my liberty? Was ever Maid betrayed
By her eyes as I have been?

Dote on I know not what, or whom?

Must I languish for what I know's impossible to obtain?

Thy hopes, *Letesia*, at best, are but that hee is noble, and a single man.

The Loyall Lovers.

Suppose this be, where shall I finde him, or of whom enquire
To ease my troubled soul?

I may aswell search for a Diamond in the main Ocean lost,
And hope (alike) to finde it.

And yet, how much desirous is my troubled heart
To entertain something like hope?

Why should his friend (for sure hee must be so)

Enquire after mee? give my Maid money for discovering

My name and dwelling? All this is nothing,

And yet it may be something: No it cannot neither;

For 'twas his friend enquired, and sure his businesse

Only concern'd himself.

Letesia. Thy little hopes is dash't. But if his friend

Come in his own behalf, I may enquire of him.

And that will breed a jealousie, and may, suspecting

Him his rivall, kill him, (which heaven forbid)

That must not be.

Enter Clarathea.

Clarathea. This is the third time

I have taken you alone in melancholy postures.

Venus grant you are not in love.

Letes. In love, with what?

Clarathea. That (if you please) lyes in your breast to resolve mee.

There is one of the pitifull't holy brethren within

To speak with your father, that ever eyes beheld.

Letes. Know'st thou his businesse?

Clarathea. Not I, but something hee pretends to have with him

Of much concernment.

Letes. Know's my father of his being here?

Clarathea. Not yet.

Letes. I'll then go call him.

Clarathea. See, see, they are here.

Enter Gripe-man, and Albinus disguised.

Albin. Good-morrow to you, fair Mistris.

Letes. The like to you, Sir.

Gripe. *Letesia* leave us till I call you.

Letes. I shall Sir. ————— *Ex. Letesia and Clarathea.*

Gripe. Now when you please, begin your businesse.

Albin. Sir, the common report of your just carriage in the holy cause

You undertake, hath encouraged mee to make my case known

To you, the well handling of which (I doubt not) but will

Be very advantageous to us both.

Gripe. You say wonderfull well, and to the purpose.

Pray proceed.

Albin. A repetition of such truths as I could justly deliver

To your ample satisfaction, how laboriously active

I have been in the advancing this great cause,

Would be too tedious for you to undergo the hearing of;

Thought

Though my present condition must invite you to beleeve, ——— *looks on himself.*
I have been rather not rewarded at all, then meanly.

Gripe. Sir, it is beleeved. Pray proceed to your present businesse
Now in hand.

Albin. I shall. And, to be short, thus stands the case.
There is (and not far hence) a wanting Gentleman
Whose former rate of living being high, will easily be wrought
The only instrument to work our ends, his acquaintance
Being great with a young Gentleman hath long borne
Armes against us; And one that onely trusts this
Gentleman with his absconded living.
Now your promise that hee shall share (of what your
Known Authoritie may easily wrack from him)
I'll stand engaged, makes him your creature.
A brace or two of thousands will not be hurtfull,
And may be spared from twenty, which this my friend
Will make appear, not only that hee is worth,
But where it is.

Gripe. Honestly spoken, very honestly spoken, and to the purpose,
Home to the purpose. And let mee tell you, you need
Not doubt, but that your care, and wisely managing a businesse
So much concerns the generall Good, shall largely be
Rewarded beyond your expectation;
Beleeve it honest Gentleman it shall.

Albin. Sir, I doubt it not. But for my friend, when hee hath
Discovered what wee can wish to know,
Wee'll hold him to't.

Gripe. Right, right, our shares will mount the higher.

Albin. The rest I have to say, is, That I could wish,
And heartily, you would delay no time in being known
To this same Gentleman. Your summons shall procure
His presence here, or where else you please, at two
Houres warning. Though (if my poor advice may stand)
I think your house the only place.

Gripe. By any means my house, Sir. And let mee intreat you
Make it yours, and your friends. Faith, what think you
Of a piece of Beef, and bring your friend?

Come, come, you shall dine with mee to day. *Claratha.* *Claratha,* ——— *hee calls.*
Fetch mee a pinte of sack, and call *Letsia* in. ——— Enter *Claratha.*

That baggage will have the green sicknesse,
Shee's spoil'd for want of exercise.

Clarath. Sir, will you have a whole pinte?

Gripe. No words be gone, I say a whole pinte.

Clarath. Miraculous! hee is not long lived sure.

Ex. Clarath.

Albin. Well Sir, since you will have it so, I have considered,
Wee'll be your guest. ——— Enter *Letsia.*

Gripe. And welcom, heartily welcom honest Gentleman.

Letsia. take special notice of this Gentleman and his friend, that when they come,

You

You bid them welcom, as my poor house can make them,
They will deserve your acquaintance and respect.

Letef. Sir, your commands, and their desert will merit much more
Then I can be serviceable in. But, to my power, I'll labour to deserve
From both forgiveness.

Albin. Such Angels of light, are onely capable of forgiving
What wee poor mortals trespass.

Gripe. No more, no more: Bestrow mee Sir, this favours of the Court.

Albin. Pray Sir, let your charitie extend so far, to credit mee,
I hated much that Idol. ————— Enter *Clarinda with wine.*

Gripe. Well said wench, Fill, fill.
Sir, here's to you, and your noble friend.

Albin. Thank you, worthy Sir.
Health to you. Fairest Mistris.

Letef. Your servant, Sir.

Albin. Lady, you cannot drink.

Gripe. Shee is a very pinger, a very pinger.
Come Sir, t'other cup to you.

Albin. Thank you Generous Sir. ————— *Drinks.*

Verily it is more of the creature, then I have
So liberally tasted (in a fore-noon)
This sanctified ten years.

Gripe. Sir, time (at present) is pretious with mee, having a very
Great influence on the affairs of this Country,
And must take leave, but shall not fail you at the hour of twelve.

Albin. Till when, I humbly take my leave.
Fair Mistris, your faithfull servant. ————— *Ex. Albin.*

Gripe. Letefia. I have invited this Gentleman and his friend
To dine with mee to day, let us have some things extraordinarie,
'Twill not be lost: so good morrow, Girl. *Ex. Gripe.*

Letef. I do beleeve so: you seldom do invite those you loose by.
You Powers above! lay not your heavy judgments on a feeble
Maid for her fathers sins; For I much fear the crooked
Paths hee treads, portend our house no good.
Just Powers! protect the innocent. *Exit Letefia.*

Enter *Adrastus, Symphronio, Mettle, Drawer,*
as in a Tavern.

Draw. What wine is it, Gentlemen?

Symph. Your best Canarie.

Draw. I'll draw you a pinte of the best ith' town, Sir. *Ex. Drawer.*

Symph. Adrastus, what is't a clock by your watch?
Adrast. 'Tis somewhat more then nine. ————— *looks in his watch.*

Albinus promised to be here before noon.

Symph. My life on't, that hee'll perform. And were you not
Acquainted with his change of habit, I am confident
You would not know him.

Adrast. Is hee so metamorphosed?

Symph. As e're man was: Hee looks so like a factious Brother,

That

The Loyall Lovers.

That the Synod, though utterly against any enjoying
Pluralities but themselves, could not lesse bestow upon him
Then three Benefices.

Adrast. 'Twere rare sport to be a spectator how hee behaves himself.

Symph. Wee shall have that at large when he returns.

Enter *Drawer* with wine.

Draw. Sir, there is one below desires to speak with you.

Adrast. Why didst not bid him come up?

Draw. Faith (Sir!) hee looks so like a factious Brother,
I thought you'd be offended.

Adrast. Go, prethee bid him come up.

Exit Drawer.

Symph. 'Tis hee; wee must take no notice who hee is
Before th: *Drawer*.

Adrast. By no means.

Enter *Albinus* and *Drawer*.

Albin. Save you, Gentlemen.

Adrast. You are welcom, Sir! I am glad to see you well.

Pray sit down. *Drawer*, reach a chair.

And how doth our noble friend?

Drawer is call'd without.

Draw. I come, I come; Anon, anon, Sir.

Ex. Drawer.

Albin. In perfect health; And how, and how, Gentlemen?

Faith, how do you like my shape?

Adrast. I hardly can beleieve that thou can'st be *Albinus*.

Albin. Very likely; nor that you are (this day) to dine with *Letesia*
Your fair Mistress.

Adrast. Yes; that I shall be to dine with her I doubt not.

Albin. Thou man of little faith.

Mettie, fill mee a glasse of sack.

Mett. Here (Sir!) here's wine.

Albin. Here *Symphonio*, here's to *Hollands* Master-piece.

Adrast. You are very merry *Albinus*.

Albin. And so may you be if you please,
I am sure you have cause enough.

Adrast. Prethee Mad-cap be serious, Didst thou see her?

Albin. Yes, by this flesh and blood did I, and feel her too;
Had I not loved thee well, I had become my own petitioner
And deceived thy trust.

Adrast. Dear *Albinus*, be serious; And let mee know
The event of thy proceedings.

Albin. Mark then, and rejoyce, for by our friendship
I'll utter nought but truth.

Adrast. Then I beleieve thee; Prethee proceed.

Albin. Then thus: This morning early (as well *Symphonio*
Can witnesse) I parted with him. And as hee directed,
Towards *Gripe-mans* house I steered my course.
Where when arrived, and knocking at the door,
There comes a wench, demanding what my businesse was.
I, in a zealous tone (as if I had worn my own clothes)

The Loyal Lovers.

Told her, I desired to speak with her Master ; (whose condition, I had ever a pinte of wine with a poor butcher, his neer Neighbour, sufficiently enquired) she intreated mee come in, Telling mee, her Master (shee thought) was ready, but not Come down. Away shee went, and no sooner gone, But down comes a bad father (for so I am given to understand) To a most virtuous childe. I told him I had a businesse To impart that much concerned him. Hee immediately Had mee into a handfom parlor, where I was blest With a sight of (I must confesse) your beauteous Mistris ; (If e're my eyes beheld one) her father commanded his Daughter and Maid-servant forth the room, which they Obediently obeying. I began my story, which as wee go I'll tell you ; for dine with him this day, I have engaged my self you shall. And this, dear friend, is truth.

Adrast. I know not how to husband this poor life I hold To make thee satisfaction.

Albin. Nay, if you complement, I'll dis-engage my self again.

Adrast. Thou know'st with thee I cannot.

Come, wee'll knock off, and all go to my chamber.

Albin. Where you must smug your self up for your encounter.

Mette. wee must not forget three of clock this afternoon, The whore must be remembered.

Mett. And the rogue too, or I am much mistaken.

Adrast. *Mette.* pay you the reckoning ; Come, let's go.

Mett. I shall Sir.

————— *Ex. Omnes.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter *Gripe-man, Adrastus, Albinus, and Letesia,*
as from dinner.

Adrast. Sir, wee thank you for your noble entertainment, and shall as mee
You highly have obliged (to the uttermost of our poor power)
Faithfully serve you.

Gripe. Gentlemen, you are heartily welcom to such poor fare you have found,
And what was amisse to day, *Letesia,*

Pray let it be your care next time to mend.

For (Gentlemen !) I shall expect you'll be my daily Guests.

Sir, pray a word with you.

————— *Gripe. Albin. whisper asides.*

Adrast. Sir, wee humbly thank you, and rest your gratefull servants.

Lady, content ; wait on your fair soul.

May I deierve the honoured title of your servant.

Letes. Sir, I want a judgment to pay desert, yet never hated
Where I ne're found any.

Albin. Sir, be confident I shall not fail (speedily)
To put it in execution.

Gripe. I doubt it not.

The Loyall Lovers.

Adraft. Lady, the gratefull't of your poore servants kisses your hand;
And humbly takes his leave.

Letes. Your servant, Sir.

Ex. Gripe. Adraft. Alb.

'Tis hee: You just Powers! that have vouchsafed
To hear the poor petitions of a distressed Virgin,
Be still assisting the humblest of your hand-maids.
What should his businesse with my father be?
There must be strange pretences of large profit in it,
They hardly else should be invited here.

My youth, and unexperience I have in *Cupid's* school,
Puts me in doubt of what I fane would credit.

I do confesse (I blush to speak the rest) I eyed him more then
Became my modesty to do; (I hope hee thought not so)

And if I not mistake, his looks betrayed much more of love

Then businesse with my father. Yes, yes, it must be so,

And yet it may be otherwaies. Suppose (which *Venus* grant hee may)

Hee love mee (if it be possible) as well as I love him,

The hopes I have to enjoy him with consent of my father, is so little,
Despair awaits that thought.

His looks speaks too much of honesty to be rich enough, (as times go now)

For his consent, No, no, *Letes*, it must be one dares list his hand

Against his sacred Prince; (which sure hee dares not do)

And by sinister waies hoard up unlawfull Wealth,

Must (by my fathers choice) be made my Bridegroom.

But I'll assoon embrace a Leper,

As tie my self to what my soul abhorres.

Enter Claratha.

Clarath. What meditating, Mistris, who your noble Guest should be,
You din'd with all to day?

Letes. That requires but small study;

They are men that come 'bout businesse to my father.

Clarath. My maiden-head upon it, you will not finde it so.

Letes. Why do'st thou laugh?

Clarath. To think how you mistake.

Letes. Prethee, unfold thy riddles, and let mee know thy thoughts.

Clarath. Cannot you call to minde, you e're did see one
Or both of them before?

Letes. Never to my best of knowledge.

Clarath. Why then I can assure you these are the very Gentlemen
Wee saw ith' Change, the one of which enquired of mee
Your name and dwelling.

Letes. That cannot be, they were all Gentlemen.

Clarath. If you examine strictly, so you'll finde these to be.
For know, hee that wee took to be the pitifull holy brother,
Is, in disguise, the Gentleman enquired of mee for you.

Letes. It is impossible.

Clarath. 'Tis so; That I should be mistaken.

Letes. What should this mean, *Claratha*? Canst thou guesse?

Clarath.

Clarith. Yes, that one (for both I cannot think)
Would fain make love to you.

Letef. What e're it be (dear wench!) keep secret,
Till time reveal the event.

Clarith. Be confident of mee; for when *Claritha* shall betray
Your trust, may shee live neglected,
And dye forgotten.

Ex. *Letef. Clarith.*

Enter *Adrast. Symphr.* as in a Tavern.

Adrast. Symphronio, Your haste hath brought us hither an hour
Before our time, and 'tis too soon to drink
After so full a meal.

Symph. 'Twas well considered; Let mee alone to drive away some
Time without the help of Sack.

Mettle hath perfectly got the part I gave him (if the
Bulls pizill put him not out)
And I have mine *ex tempore*.

Adrast. Doth the Rogue know hee shall be bastid?

Symph. Gently, hee doe's: But I am resolved to try his utmost
Patience; see here, they are come.

Enter *Albin. and Mettle.*

Albinus, wee are resolved

(Not knowing how wee may be encountred
When our expected company arrives) to pass by drinking
For half an hour. *Mettle,* you are perfect in the part I gave you:

Mett. Sir, I have not con'd this three dayes, yet
Dare presume I am perfect.

Symph. Well, look to't, you know your forfeit, if you but miss a word.

Mett. If you are ready, come what will, I'll run the hazzard.

Albin. But where are your properties?

Mett. For those, I shall furnish my self below.

Ex. *Mettle.*

Albin. Pox on't, I shall ne're hold out without some drink.

Drawer!

Enter *Drawer.*

Draw. Here, Sir.

Albin. Sirrah, fetch us a quart of sack.

Enter *Mettle with a black gown, and pen, ink, paper, and books.*

Adrast. Here's *Mettle.* Prethee *Albinus* forbear your sack,
They'll soon dispatch the Scene.

Albin. Well sirrah, let the sack alone till wee call.

Draw. I shall, Sir.

Ex. *Drawer.*

Albin. Come, come to your sport, prepare, prepare.

Adrast. & Albin. seat themselves.

Mettle in an old black gown seats himself behinde a curtain, with some
books, pen, ink, and paper before him, personating *Phanaticus a Priest.*

Symphronio standing behinde the hangings till his cue to Enter, perso-
nating *Fly-blow a Butcher.*

Mettle draws the curtain, and turnes over some accounts.

Phanat. Let mee see, let mee see, gotten this week by incomes
 From Mistris *Dance* a Common-Council mans wife, — Three pounds, a gold
 Ring, two silver spoons worth thirty seven shillings.
 From Mistris *Zeal* widow, — — — — — forty shillings.
 From Mistris *Tartar* a Cooks wife, — — — — — three pounds.
 From Mistris *Fat* a Tanners wife, — — — — — fifty shillings.
 From Mistris *Phume* Feather-woman and widow, — — — — — one pound ten.
 From Mistris *Grease* a Tallow-chandlers wife, — — — — — one pound two.
 From Mistris *Error* widow, — — — — — forty shillings.
 From Mistris *Extortion* a Broakers wife, — — — — — Traffic to line a cloak.
 From Goodwife *Shuttle* a gifted Weavers wife, — — — — — two fat Geese.
 From Mistris *Fly-blow* a Butchers wife, — — — — — a silver bowl worth three pounds,
 Why here is nineteen pound, nineteen shillings got with much ease.

How willing these poor soules, in body, and in purse,

Are to contribute to the Elect !

For (to say truth) wee are chosen, but 'tis to cozen them.

I must abscond : My spiritual exercise grows too laborious.

O for a Cornish Curate from beyond sea, to officiate in my
 Absence but for one month !

Would they forbear mee on the seventh day, I should rub out

Much longer, and please much higher on the week days.

But to stand two hours spending (to no purpose) is too much.

Symphonie perswading *Fly-blow*, knocks at
Phanatics his door.

Who's there ? Upon my life another client.

A Greek or Hebrew book displayed doe's well.

Spreads open some books.

Fly. Here's one desires admittance to you.

Phanat. Who would you speak withall ?

Fly. With your reverend self, divine Sir.

Phanat. O hee is right, hee is right. — — — — — opens the door, *Fly-blow* enters.
 Come in, Friend.

Fly. Save you, holy man.

Phanat. You also : What may your business be ?

Fly. A scruple Sir of conscience, I fain would be desolved in.

Phanat. Resolved, you would say, friend.

Fly. 'Tis very right, resolved I fain would be.

Phanat. Time with the Elect is pretious, but to such good works
 As these wee are called ; Friend, open your case.

Fly. Sir, I am poor, but however have brought that with mee,
 That shall show I am willing (to my utmost strength,

And abilitie) to give you satisfaction for your pains.

Phanat. Honestly spoken, very honestly spoken,
 And conscientiously ; pray begin.

Fly. Then thus I shall discover my secrets to you.

I finde my self (of late) much given to rebellion,

Towards a poor woman, yet, young and lustie.

A neighbours wife of mine, who (I fear) if I enjoy,

Will lye very heavy on mee.

Now

Now, Sir, I have endeavour'd to become a true
Subject to my self, but finding my endeavours no way prevalent,
I shall desire to be resolv'd, how farre
Your dispensation (thee being none of the Elect)
Will extend towards the satisfying our venial desires.

Phanat. How far inclinable to your desires finde you our Sister?

Fly. Verily Sir, comfortably inclining.

Phanat. Is her husband of able body for the procreation of the Elect?

Fly. That case is doubtfull, and much to be fear'd,
Hee having known her this two year and upward
Without fruit thereof;

The woman having ever been laboriously endeavouring.

Phanat. Brother, enough, enough, I say.

I have with attention heard you; and shall (as considering
It my own case) instruct you for your best advantage
Both of soul and body.

As for your rebellion, if your cause be wholesomly
Advantageous to your profit, you may rebell,
As many others, and my self (at present) do.
But so to rebell, as of necessitie must be prejudiciall to you
(Our sister being impoverish'd) I shall advise you to take
This comfortable admonition from mee, which is,
That you put on the Armour of Providence,
And cleave to a more beneficiall sister.

Fly. Divine Sir, I thank you; and do begin to finde your
Wholsom and comfortable admonition effectually to operate.
And that you may perceive, I came not altogether unfurnish'd
With what, I hope, shall (in some reasonable measure)
Satisfie you.

Fly. *lays off his cloak, and discovers a Bulls pizil.*

Phanat. Good Sir, I doubt it not.

Fly. You shall not need; Behold this ell of mettle, — *advanceth his pizil.*
Tis a good one: the Bull it once belong'd to
Cost mee eight pounds.

Marry, I shall give nine for yours, if you waste it not
Too much in the service of the Elect.

Phanat. Sir, what's your meaning?

Fly. That you shall soon discover.

Now hear mee with attention:

Thou Metropolitan Imp of Satan, Monster of mankind,
Thou compound of Fornication and Adultery.

Nay, nay, stir not, nor let nothing of noise come from
Thy perjur'd tongue, which know can mollifie as much as tears can rocks.
Now, in a softly tone, answer mee (if it be possible) nothing but truth
(A thing by thee rarely uttered) to what I shall demand.

You know one *Fly blow* a Burchers wife.

Phanat. *Fly blow.* Sir?

Fly. Yes *Fly blow* Sir. Know, wretched miscreant, thee hath discovered
Thy black soul to mee; and should'st thou but utter one

False syllable to those known truths I shall ask from thee,
By all the Gods, I'll adde to my intended fury, and geld thee.

Phanat. Forbid, you Powers, geld mee; I am undone then.
Sir, I shall confesse any I know, you please to ask mee.
Good Sir, be merciful. Geld mee.

Fly. If truth so long forgotten by thee can be again remembred,
You may be mercifull to your self, and save your Dowcets.

Phanat. Thank you, good Sir; and be confident, what you shall
Please demand within the power of my utmost knowledg,
You fully shall be satisfied.

Fly. Then to the purpose: How long have you been acquainted
With Mistris *Flye-blow*?

Phanat. Verily, I shall most punctually resolve you.

Fly. Sirrah, answer me not in that sniv'ling tone
You cheat the world with.

Phanat. Why, Sir, it is some eight weeks and odd dayes
Since first I did enjoy her.

Fly. Villain, did you enjoy her then?

Phanat. Pardon mee Sir, I mean no otherwaies then
The sanctified company of a zealous sister.

Fly. Alter that tone (I say) or I shall whet _____ pulls out his knife,
and offers to whet it at his steel hangs by his side.

You understand the rest.

Sirrah, be short; what money, and monies worth have you had
Of her? For Villain, know, that mislead
Woman is my wife.

Phanaticus starts.

What do you start? (I must confesse, I blush to own her)

Come, be brief, and to a penny satisfie my demand.

Or you grow fat, and sing well.

Phanat. I understand you, Sir, and shall cast it up to a penny.

Let mee see, my book will tell mee; let mee see, _____ turns over his book of accounts.

The eleventh of August last, _____ twenty shillings.

August the eighteenth, _____ ten shillings.

The second of September, _____ forty shillings.

The fourteenth of the same Moneth, _____ twenty shillings.

The first of October, _____ A silver bowle, to the value of three pounds.

This is to a penny, what shee hath been pleased to bestow.

Fly. And upon what tearmes did you receive it?

Phanat. Meerly her charitie, for good
And wholefom admonition.

Fly. Indeed such admonition requires consideration,
Which you shall have. Come, come, deposit

What with your Mountebanck tricks

You have juggled from her.

Phanat. No consideration, Sir, for the paines
I have taken with your wife.

Fly. For that, let me consider _____ yes, I have thought
Of some valuable consideration, worthy your care and paines,

But

But you must stand to my courtesie,
The bowle and money being tendered mee.

Phanat. I thank you, Sir, most kindly.

Fly. Nay, nay, for that, let it alone;
Till you see what I shall deserve.

Phanat. Here is to a penny, Sir, what I have received of her. ——— *Phanat.*
takes out of a desk the bowle and money.

Fly. Now, Sir, how ever you have plaid the knave
By deluding my wife, you shall be sure
To finde mee a man of my word. ——— *Fly blow*

beats the Priest egregiously with a Bulls pizil.

Phanat. Hold Sir, if you be a man, consider, and be mercifull ;
Good Sir, consider my Coat.

Fly. 'Twas well remembred ; I shall, I shall, and lay it on so much
The harder, you may feel the better through it.

Phanat. O Sir ! draw in your pizil, (if you be a man) and spare mee
Till the next Lords day is past, or I shall be unable
To scatter the sanctified seed of Reformation. into the bowels
Of our dear Sister-hood.

Fly. Their reverent hearing, and your instructions
Claimes good places in hell.

Sirrah, give thanks I am out of breath ; Farwell.

Cheat mee once more, I'll send thee home to hell. ——— *Ex. Fly-blow.*

Phanat. I do beleeve you ; A plague go with you, and your pizil.
The Rogue hath made jelly of mee.

Complain of this, I dare not for my credit, which, I must more
For my profit, then my conscience value.

This must not unreveng'd go thus,

The slave is honest, that claws enough for mee

To ruine him, and his whole family. ——— *Mettle pulls off his gown in great fury.*
Enter Symphonio.

Albin. How now, *Mettle* ? This was but a rehearſal,
When is your reall day of performance.

Mett. Zwounds, I know not what jest there was on my side,
But I have all the reason in the world to beleve
Hee was in earnest.

You shall excuse mee for acting the sinner again in jest.

Symph. Indeed thy naturall doing of it is in earnest,
Though wee applaud thy sufferings in jest.

But how ? but how, i-faith *Mettle* ? was it not smartly perfo:m'd ?

Mett. Yes, on my side, I'll be sworn,
A plague on't, my gown had no lining in't neither,
Which you ne're considered.

Symph. Pox of a bad memory, I had spar'd thee else. ——— *Enter Drawer.*

Draw. There is a Gentlewoman below enquires for you, *Mettle.*

Mett. Tell her I'll wait upon her straight.

Albin. *Drawer,* bring up some of your best sack.
Another Scene as long as this had choak't mee.

Draw.

Draw. I shall Sir:

Exit Drawer.

Adrast. *Mettle*, take your Lady into the next room,
And as you finde her tractable to your designs, acquaint us.

Mett. I shall Sir.

Symph. Shee must have my assistance to perswade her to it.

Come *Mettle* let's to her. — *Ex. Symph. and Mett.* Enter *Drawer with wine.*

Albin. *Drawer*, fill mee a brimmer.

Adrastus, here's to the fair *Letesin*, earths richest Jewell.

Adrast. Too rich (I fear) for Mortals to enjoy.

Albin. Such another desperate word, and, by all the Gods, I'll court
Her for my self, and hope to enjoy her too. And, I think, I look
As like a Mortal (in this shape) as any brother in town.

Enter *Symph. Rigg.* and *Mettle*.

Symph. Save you, Gallants. Pray bid this Lady welcome.

Albin. I hope you speak not in the plural number.

What think you, Lady, do I appear a Gallant? — *shewes his clothes.*

Rigg. Sir, though it be a thing much given to people of my profession
To pry into the habit of a man, I look into the minde
And nobler part, and where I finde most worth,
I there most honour.

Albin. Spoke like the Queen of Amazons;
I must salute your judgment.

Rigg. Sir, you mistake, those were my lips you kiss't.

Albin. Lady, my ambition was to come as neer
Your judgment as I could.

Adrast. Lady, your servant.

salutes her.

Nay, pray sit down. *Symphronis*, 'twas well this
Gentlewoman had vertue enough to guard her,
I should suspect her being with you alone else.

Symph. Make you no body of *Mettle*? Or do you think,
Because hee pleasures you sometimes,
Hee'll pimp for all your friends?

Adrast. What say you to this, *Mettle*?

Mett. I say, Sir, 'tis an office I never understood.

Rigg. That's very strange, truly.

Mett. To you, I do believe it is; I think I had best take up
The next room against our Brother comes;
Hee must not know shee is in our company.

Albin. By no means. Carry a pint of wine into it,
As if shee call'd for it.

Mett. I shall, Sir.

Exit Mettle.

Rigg. 'Tis a pretious youth:

Albin. Lady, Health to your dearest servant. — *Drinks.*

Rigg. Thank you, noble Sir.

Enter Mettle.

Mett. I must have this pint pot, hee is below already.

Symph. Mistis, pray go into the next room,
And act your part toth' life.

Rigg. Let mee alone; hee is not the first knave

That I have made a fool of.

Albin. Not by a brace of thousands. Now will shee pick his pocket,
And hee lay felony to our charge,
Then where lyes our scene of Mirth?

Adraft. Faith, under the lash. *Symphronio*, how do you
Like the Vermin you have had conference?

Enter *Mettle*.

Mett. They are together, the Rogue kiss't,
You might have heard him hither.

Adraft. Gentlemen! what's your plot? as yet
I am a stranger to your design.

Symph. *Mettle*, and I have studied that.
What 'tis, the event shall show. But now you talk of plots,
How goes your businesse forward?

Albin. *Adraftus*, art thou not a hungry?
Thou feed'st (to day) on nothing but thy Mistris eyes,
And those you fell upon without any grace.

Adraft. I do confesse
I hardly know what other food wee had; but as for grace,
The Gods send thee but half as much.

Albin. *Symphronio*, hee is now admitted.
Hee has got the Old mans good will.

Symph. VVhat, to marry his Daughter?

Albin. Soft, and fair; there's somewhat more goes to getting his good will.
Hee hath free admittance to visit his fair
Mistris when hee pleases,
Marry, I beleewe, you might have had
Fathers, Mothers, and all the Kinns
Consent besides, (in a lesse time) to have match't with your Lady
You parted with but now.

Symph. Thou look'st like one that would
Have married us, had wee been both agreed.

Enter *Mettle* from peeping.

Mett. The Rogue drinks like a fish, and shee plyes
Him with half pinte draughts; shee hath much ado
To keep his hands above board: the other cup will ripen him for your company,
Then 'tis my cue to Enter.

Adraft. VVill not the rogue be troublesom?

Albin. Not long, if hee drink so fast. And it
Shall be my care that hee shall want none here.

Adraft. *Mettle*, how doth shee bear her drink?

Mett. Hang her, shee'l bear any thing is laid upon her.
Now will I enter.

Ex. Mettle.

Albin. And wee prepare to entertain the slave with gravitie,
Is all contrived, *Symphronio*? VVhat punishment wee
Lay upon the Rogue? for something wee must do worth his
Remembrance.

Symph. It is, it is; all is contrived.

Enter *Mettle*.

Mett.

Mett. She hath prevail'd upon the Babe of Grace.
And hee prepared to enter.

Enter Sod. drunk. and Riggle.

Rigg. Come near, come near, good Cofin.
Here's none but are my special friends,
I can assure you.

Sod. Save you, Gentlemen.

Albin. You are most nobly welcom. *Mettle.*

A chair there for the Gentleman. *Misttris*, pray sit here.

Rigg. Thank you, good friend : why, I had thought I had lost you all.
I think I have not seen you, nor your friends here, these eight or nine dayes.

Mett. This whore is got half drunk, and shee will do it rarely.

aside.

Symph. Lady, 'tis true ; but blame not us, but our occasions, that enforce't us
To it : our busiess now being over, wee'l be your daily visitants.
Sir, a health to the greatestt honour of this fair Ladies
Virtues.

drinks to Sodoms,

Rigg. Cofin, the Gentleman drinks to you.

Sod. Thank you, noble Sir.

Symph. Help the Gentleman to some wine.

Mett. Here Sir, please you drink.

gives Sodoms wine.

Sod. Thank you, Sir ; Lady, here's to you.

Albin. Sir, shee should have it last.

Sod. Say you so ? Then here's to you, Sir,
This fair Ladies servant.

Albin. Thank you, Sir ; *Mettle*, help the Gentleman.

Sodom drinks

and falls down, they help him up, and laugh.

Mett. Help, help, the Gentleman is troubled with the falling sicknesse.

Adrast. How is it, Sir ? chear up, all's well again.

Rigg. How is it, Cofin ? what, not well, sweet heart ?

Pray fetch him some strong water.

Albin. A pinte at least. Courage, noble Sir ; how is't ?

Sod. Very well, Sir, — but that I have got the hey-cot.

Albin. Your Cofin, *Misttris*, is drunk.

Rigg. I hope not so.

Sod. Verily not drunk — I am — not drunk — I must

Confesse I — I — I have tasted liberally of this creature,

But you shall see — I am not drunk.

Symph. That's bravely said ; here, I'll help you.

Sod. You shall see I am not drunk ;

Here's to our Prince.

Adrast. How dares hee drink that health ?

Albin. I thank you, Sir.

Hee dares (now) drink his health, hee dares not name

But to revile, when hee's sober.

That's bravely done.

Sod. You'll pledge mee, Sir ?

Sodom drinks.

Albin. That I will.

Here, Lady, here's to you.

Rigg. Thanks, noble Sir,

Mett. The beast sleeps, the wine works rarely.
Shall I produce? The engine is in the next room.

Symph. Come, bring't in, bring't in,
'Twill cleanse him better then a purge.

Exit Mettle.

Sir, do you hear? do you hear?

Come, come, hee is fast.

joggs Sod.
Enter Mettle with a blanket.

Gentlemen, wee must have all your hands.

Adraff. With all our hearts.

Rigg. Do you want my help?

Albin. No, Mist'ris, you have acted your part already.

Wee four make the compleat number.

Lady, pray shut the door.

Come, in with him, in with him, in with him. — *they put him in a blanket and*
raise him.

So, so, 'tis pretty well for the first heat.

Something hee would have said, could hee have spoke;

Hee grumbled vilely.

Rigg. Incomparable sport! Fie, fie, you let him breathe

Too much. So, so, to work again.

they toss him as before.

Adraff. Prethee, let him down, it has wrought;

The Rogue stinks like a pole-cat.

Rigg. How rank a Traytor smells.

Albin. Very true; especially, in the nostrils of the righteous.

The Rogue hath tir'd mee; hee looks white,

I fear wee have kill'd him.

Symph. No, no, hee breathes.

Albin. How, do you like this sport, Lady?

Rigg. So well, I fain would have some more of it.

Adraff. The slave hath put my shoulders out of joint.

Mett. What, shall wee leave him so?

Albin. Wee must *per* force, till wee have breath'd our selves,

Rigg. Hee that is wear'it I'll supply his place.

I fain would help to give him t'other stool.

Symph. Let him recover first, and then for t'other bout.

Mett. Fill me a glasse of sack.

Adraff. Here's to the dish you feasted on to day.

Adraff. Thanks, dear Friend, this Villain hath almost

Broke my winde. Lady to you. — *drinks to Rigg.*

Rigg. Your poor servant thanks you, Sir.

Adraff. *Mett.* fill some wine; Come, now for t'other bout.

Symph. A match, come Gentlemen, four corners and a fool.

Albin. A knave, I am sure; come, ho-vast. *they toss him as formerly.*

So, so, so; 'tis well, 'tis very well; Gently, gently, down with him; hee grumbles.

Hee is not drunk, but hee hath tasted so liberally of the creature.

All this will not bring him to his senses.

Mett. Here's money fallen out of his pocket.

Adraff. Sirrah, diminish not a penny of his ill-got cois,
But put it in his pocket.

Mat. I shall, Sir.

Symph. *Mettle*, help mee to a Butchers prick or two.

Mett. Here's a brace of great pins, if they will do.

Symph. Yes, yes, they'l serve; give them them, ——— *Symph. pins the blankets about Sodome.*

Rigg. I'll swear you have performed it rarely.

What follows now? ——— Enter *Drawer*.

Symph. *Drawer*, take you a care of this beast in mans cloaths,
Here let him lye (without disturbance) till hee wakes.

Take charge of what hee hath,

That nothing be diminished.

Draw. Sir, be confident, none shall come neer him but my self.

Albin. Sirtah, make him pay the reckoning, and if hee enquire
(As questionlesse hee will) tell him wee are all strangers;
If hee refuse to pay, wee will.

Here's for your paines.

Draw. Sir, I thank you, and carefully will perform your will.

Mett. Good holy Brother, I must make bold to pin
This paper on your breast. ——— pins a paper on Sodome's breast.
Farwell, my fleshly Saint.

Symph. Wee are all indebted to this Lady for our Scene of mirth,
Without whose help wee had done nothing.

Lady, here's half a peece to keep you honest.

Rigg. Thank you, courteous Sir, I shall endeavour to practise,
And what in my power lyes, I shall be glad to serve you in.

Adrast. Your servant, Lady.

Come, let's go, the sport will be his wonder,

When hee wakes, which (by the *Drawer*)

Wee shall know at full. ——— *Ex. Om. but Sodome.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter *Sodome* pin'd in a blanket.

VV Here have I been? Was ever man in such'a plight as I?
Sure I have been cast into a sleep, and hung in some painted

Cloth, to personate the prodigall.

What's here? a paper pin'd upon my breast?

Perhaps I am in *Turkey*, and this my price of sale.

I must make bold to see how I am valued. ——— pulls the paper
off from his breast, and reads.

Here lies a fleshly saint did lately prank it,

Instead of sheet, doe's pennance in 'a blanket.

This may be all true, And I beleeve the Author might have writ

To it too. Yes, yes, it must be so, for I am pocky sore.

They have given mee purging comfits too, for I'me!

Damnably moist behinde; What company was I in?

I remember nothing but a whore, and that sheet would

Needs carry mee to some friends of hers, and they have us'd mee thus.

No hat, nor cloake,

feels in his pocket, and pulls out his money.

'Tis strange, they should not be thieeves,

And stranger that any other should use mee thus.

Here's all my money to a penny.

I shall unfold this myserie in time.

I hear by a-non, a-non, Sir, this is a tavern.

The door is lock't, and I must knock,

Though to my shame, I do't.

hee knocks.

Draw. A-non, a-non, Sir.

Enter Drawer.

Sod. Who ever us'd mee thus, sure they dare not

Speak of it, for fear I come to know it, and punish them.

Drawer, how came I in this pickle?

Draw. Do you not know, Sir?

Sod. Not I; prethee, honest *Drawer,* tell mee, and I'll be thankfull to thee.

Draw. Sir, I cannot tell, I do assure you.

Sod. Who was in my company? Did you tend this rōme?

Draw. I did, and if I not mistake, there was three or four Gentlemen And a Gentlewoman.

Sod. Know'st thou any of their names?

Draw. Not I, nor can remember I e're saw any of them before.

Sod. Where is my hat and cloak?

Draw. I have them safe below.

Sod. That's some comfort yet; how long stay'd the company here?

Draw. Four or five hours.

Sod. Is the reckoning paid?

Draw. Not a penny.

Sod. Why did you let them go?

Draw. What Authoritie had I to stay them?

They gave mee charge of your hat and cloak, and said you lost the reckoning, Which you not being in a condition to deny,

They gave mee charge of you, and went their way.

Sod. What is to pay?

Draw. A mark, within a penny.

Sod. Fetch mee my hat and cloak, and here's your money.

Draw. I shall, Sir.

Ex. Drawer.

Sod. This *Drawer* is a rogue, and privy to my sufferings; But I must hold my tongue,

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, here is your cloak and hat.

Sod. And here's your money.

Draw. I hope, Sir, you will remember the *Drawer*.

Sod. I would I had as much reason to remember you

As you have mee,

I made you rare sport, without all doubt,

Here take your blanket, are not the corners stretch't?

A very pretty wholesom way of purge,

A plague of such Physicians.

This is the fruits of wenching : shew mee the stairs ;

I'll cautions be , how I come in such snares.

Ex. Oms.

Enter *Letesia Sol.*

What should this businesse be , my father laid , so strickt
A charge on mee to use them with respect ?

'Tis out of some strange hopes of profit they assure him.

How I should learne it out ? I know not.

Enter *Clarathea :*

Clarath. Mistris, the Gentleman that din'd here is at doore.

Enquiring for your father; shall I admit him in ?

Letes. Why, thou know'st my father is not within.

Clarath. All's one for that, I beleeve you can doe his businesse better;

I'll call him in

Ex. *Clar.*

Letes. *Clarathea, Clarathea :*

(shee calls.

This wench, will shame mee.

Enter *Clarathea* and *Adrastus.*

Clarath. Sir, my Master is not within.

Here's my young Mistris, please you to impart

Your mind to her.

I thinke I have given him hint enough.

His lookes speake him not faint hearted.

I'll leave you both to vent, or burst.

Aside.

Adrast. Fairst Mistris, I have something of importance

Ex. *Clarathea,*

To impart to your father.

Letes. Truly, Sir, hee is abroad, but if you please to expose some

Little time to the hazzard of his comming home,

You are most kindly welcome.

Adrast. Virtuous fair, One I thanke you.

And since your

Noble soule hath deny'd to honour mee with this your

Courtous invitation, Pardon mee , sweetest, if I endeavour

Not to let slip these happy minuts, the Gods (for ought I know)

Hath lent us to enjoy for our unmatched happinesse.

Shee starts.

Nay start not, sweetest fair One, I have no frightful

Story to relate; I have forgot all things of horror

Since I became unable (more) to serve

My too much injur'd Prince.

Letes. You have been then in these unhappy wars ?

Adrast. Pittie it had been, I should have lived to see my Prince

Engaged, And I in debt to nature for my health

And limbs, and been a looker on.

Letes. You speak like one our Prince may justly call his

Loyal subject ; it had been happy wee had all been such.

Adrast. Lady, so intirely I lov'd and honour'd you,

(E're you delivered this your Loyall soule.)

That were it (in nature possible) this might have added.

Know then, I have escap't these wars, to be (by your virtuous selfe)

Adjudg'd to live or dye.

Can you love? love mee so, to make mee yours.

Letes. Sir, 'tis a question, requires much more deliberation, &c. &c.

A suddaine answer. I must confesse, it were a meane

To

To quench those flames (you do pretend to burn in) should I,
And to a stranger to, so easie part, with what (so much)
Concerns my life and honour?

Adraft. Mistake mee not, sweet saint, 'tis but a hope I beg,
Which a small encouragement (from you) will make mee proud of.
Nor can I possibly urge, or dare expect that satisfaction from you,
That may impair your honour; let mee but hope,
And it shall be a happy prologue to my ensuing story.

Letef. Sir, The hope you can expect from mee, and I in honour give,
Is this; I nothing see, but that your person, and your noble minde,
Deserves a far more worthy wife then I can be.

But, Sir, I have a father, whose choice I must prefer (in duty)
If hee gives consent, 'tis probable I may not repent it.

Adraft. You have with joy unspeakable transported mee
Above the clouds, there let mee drop, my fall might be the greater.
O! unsay that again; that very name of father hath chill'd my blood;
And sounds despair to my beguiling hopes.

Too well, I know what choice your father aims at;
Not is fit you should obey him, where the choice hee makes
Tends to your ruine.

Can the Woolf and Lamb imbrace? Or can there be
A sympathy, where nature hath made antipathy?
Nor are you oblig'd (by duty) to obey him in what's unjust.
You know his soul is black with sin, Forgive mee, Dearest,
That I am forc't to put you in minde, of what, I know,
You gladly would forget. Can you expect to enjoy one happy hour
With him, whose sole delight must be to hoard up wealth,
Gotten by base sinister meanes.

Besides the daily curses (for his sake) you'll have.
Your door wash't too, with tears of Orphans, and such
Oppressed poor, as hee shall hourly boast hee hath undone.
For know, sweet Creature, the free access wee at this present have,
To your fair self, is onely that wee will assist him
In the ruine of a young Gentleman (for ought I know)
Unbotn; but as wee do pretend, knowing his griping way of gain,
That I thereby might have the happy means
To make my love known to you.

I am a Gentleman, though (I must confesse) a husband
Far unworthy so Angelical a Beauty.

Nor have I to my wish (for your virtuous sake) means
Worthy your acceptance. But what I have, (though not so poor to want)
Shall be enjoyed by mee, onely to do you service.

And as you are known to be your fathers Heir,

You may suppose his wealth, more then your virtue, is what I aim at;
Make mee but happy in your self,

Let him enjoy his pelf; which, when I covet,
May I live long forgotten of my friends, and loose your love;
Which (with my life) must in one grave be buried,

Letes. Sir, what you have said touching my fathers life,
I could wish tears with were not true.

And for your love to mee, I thank you, which

(To my poor power) I'll labor to requite.

Pray take this for present answer.

Indeed, I am not well, and must retire; onely

This, your language, I shall seriously weigh, and at our

Next meeting resolve you more at large.

So heavens preserve you.

—*Ex. Letesia.*

Adrast. Angels protect thee, sweetest of thy Sex.

—*Ex. Adrast.*

Enter *Gripe-man, Sent-well, and Clarambea.*

Sent. Wee have been at Old *Firmstand's* Lodging, but to no purpose.

Hee left the town three dayes since, but will return for certain

Two dayes hence at furthest.

Gripe. It was ill luck you mist him: but since his stay from town
Will be so short, the matter is the lesse.

Sent-well, here's money for your present wants,

You must about a businesse presently for mee,

You know the Golden-head.

Sent. Very well, Sir.

Gripe. There lyes a Gentleman, his name *Adrastus*,

I think you have seen him.

Sent. Marry have I, Sir.

Gripe. So much the better: Be sure you dog him
Forth his Lodging, and if you house him in a tavern (as ten to one you will)

Use all the slights you can to Riggle into his company,

Which, if you cannot do, be sure you take a rome, or wait so neer him,

You may discover what their discourse is.

And let mee know what you can gather this night;

And if their plot (contrived) stand right, 'tis rare.

I'll firke my youngsters when they come to share.

Sent. Sir, I'll do my best, and doubt not to perform your will.

Gripe. Go, go about it straight, make haste.

—*Ex. Sent.*

Yes, yes, it must be so;

There's danger in delays: The Girl

Must from temptation, or shее's lost,

Some few moneths more shее will be head-strong,

And carve her own bits, which I'll in time prevent.

—*hee calls Letesia:*

Letesia.

Enter *Letesia.*

Letesia, here's newes for you.

Your uncle *Miser*, writes old *Avaritia*, likes well of

The match between his son and you.

And that because hee would have you neer one another,

Hee thinks it fit you should be at his house,

And sojorn there a while, till things between us

Fully are agreed on.

You see, Girl, what care I have of your well doing;

My thoughts are often hammering about your good,
When you full soundly sleep; young *Avaritia*
Will make a wealthy husband for thee.

Up with your trinkets, and prepare to go:

Nay, no fludy. I have said it, and it must be so. ————— *Ex. Grips.*

Letef. Indeed it must not. Good *Avaritia*, match in your own
Dunghill, it will avoid a bastard breed.
Money awakes men ador'd, faith not by mee;
Virtue and honour crowns felicitie.

Enter Claratha.

How now, *Claratha*? Ar't sure *Sent-well* is employed
To pry into his actions?

Clarath. Am I sure I live? I stood by when your father gave the charge,
And the Villain undertook it greedily.

Letef. How shall wee do to give *Adrastus* notice of it?
This slave will discover else, they do delude my father,
And then wee are all undone.

Clarath. Why, faith, for once, (to do you service) I'll to
His Lodging my self. I heard what directions my Master
Gave him. Let mee alone to acquaint him with the plot;
But now I think on't too, I'll not go neither.

Letef. Dear wench, why not?

Clarath. Why Faith, cause you'll be jealous.

Letef. Prethee, leave thy jesting, by my life not I:
Tis more then time thou wer't gone.

Clarath. You have prevailed; and I resolved to venture. ————— *Ex. Amb.*

Enter Asbeus, richly clad, admiring himself.

Marry, Sir, this is something like.

I see my Taylor can fit mee without taking measure of my conscience.
The same quantitie serves, how large so ever,
Fools report 'tis stretch't.

What a handsom bug-bear it is, to 'fright men out of a happinesse,
Their reason (wer't not enslaved, by doting on a world ith' moon,
To recompence their pining Misericie) must prompt them to enjoy. ————— *puts off his hat.*

Perfist in beggary, do, and let your admired conscience
(Ushered in with rags, and meagre chops)

Attend you to your graves; Where (if your dust

More brighter shine then mine)

Be thankfull to the Glow-worm

Let mee imbrace this world, till I forbear

(For conscience sake) to enjoy, with full delights

What lust unsatisfied desires.

This dumb God I'll adore, Money, to thee

I'll sacrifice, thou art my Deitie.

How now, *Rogastus*?

Enter Rogastus.

How drawes the lungs of our new Government,

The air of profit, (sweeter then are the Arabian winds)
Into our garrison?

Doth conscience (still) part freely with her outward
Garments, trusting the soul for to re-cloath the body?

Rogast. As yet they gallop to their sufferings, as wee can wish;
Only the Lady that wee ravished,
Hangs still an arse.

Arbe. Shee still continues firm in belief,
It was the private Souldier.

Rogast. Shee doe's; but wonders much there's no severer search
To apprehend what (foolishly) shee tearmes her foes.

Arbe. For that wee shall (with fair pretences) gild
Much thicker then her eyes can pierce.

Rogast. As thus; the wrack shall force a guiltlesse prisoner
To confesse the fact, which done before such
Witnesses as soon shall publish is,
Wee may (with safety) murder him,
And it cryed up for Justice.

Arbe. Securely contrived, (my better Genius) and politickly;
But wee'l forbear a while, to try what gentler
Means may work upon her (easily) beguil'd faith,
Which I shall make my study.

Rogast. haste, and give order the Foot
Be all drawn out.

That part oth' spoil wee seiz'd on last, I intend
For to distribute to all an equal share,
As well to those remained in garrison,
As the party march't to take it.
It will unanimously beget a will to Act
What ever I prescribe.

Rogast. Your judgment's deep and noble.
What you command, I'll see (with carefull speed)
Shall be performed.

Ex. Rogast.

Arbe. Well, go thy waies, Conscience is mercifull,
And troubles not thee.

Why, here's a Proselyte newly converted to our side,
Out-doe's us all in mischief.

I can dispencc to trot, in what some in the world
Call sin, but love not to run off my legs too soon.
Humanity commands mee hate the violence
Of his tyranny, which (for our own ends)
Wee must privately imbrace, how e're intend
For to depreesse his fury.

'Tis policie makes us conspicuous to the world,
Which wee, with sly hypocrisie must
Endeavour to confociate, and then this little
World's our own.

Ex. Arbe.

Enter *Adrastus*, *Albinus*, *Symphronio*, and *Mettle*.

Adrast. How am I obliged to fair *Letesja* for this discovery?
Her virtue will redeem her fathers soul,
Devoted pilgrims with their tears,
Could not have cleans'd by prayer.

Albin. Shee's thy own Boy; this very act of her's
Confirms it.

Symph. *Adrastus*, wee must have gloves; and for her
Garters, let *Albinus* and I alone.

Adrast. Would it were come to that.

Albin. Nay, if you cannot stay, *Mettle* knows where
To help you to a cooler.

Mett. Would I had one for you, as hot as I could wish.
Why, Sir, do you think my Master wants a pimp?

Albin. No, I'le besworn, as long as thou serv'it him.

Adrast. *Mettle*, hee doe's abuse thee. Go see if thou
Can't discover such a person sneaking here about, *Letesja's*
Maid describ'd, and bring mee word.

Mett. I shall, Sir.

Ex. *Mettle*.

Albin. *Letesja* goes contrary to the rules at court.
They chuse to entertain, such as may stand for soils to beaury.
Were but that wench (shee keeps) trick't up like them,
Shee would out-shine them all.

Adrast. Mee thought shee did deliver her message to mee,
Not like one bred to serve.

Albin. What punishment shall wee invent, to inflict upon
This Rogue, hath undertook to pry into our actions?

Adrast. That must be thought on.

V Where shall wee dine to day?

Symph. Faith, at some tavern, if but to see what
This same Rogue dares do.

Albin. Agreed,

Enter *Mettle*.

Adrast. What hast thou discovered?

Mett. I have, Sir, a Rogue, mark't out for such designs,
Ha's walk't some half a dozen turns about the door.
You may easily know him. A short squat Villain,
Crop't close to a large ear pendent, with a broad blew list,
Crook't back't, splay feet,
And a feared Conscience, Sables.

Albin. Herald-like spoken, but that hee left out his Arms.

Mett. Give mee but leave, and I'le engage
To torture his black soul to death.

Adrast. Pray try your art, and take your own freedom.

Albin. But, *Mettle*, Must not wee share ith' laughter of his sufferings?

Mett. You shall, Sir, and be an Actor too.

Adrast. *Mettle*, go you before: Bespeak a dish or two of meat
Where wee last night sup't.

Mett. I shall, Sir.

Adrast. You two shall go the back way, and I'll take this.

Symph. Come, *Albinus*, then we'll take this.

—*Ex. Om.*

Enter *Letesia*, *Clarab.*

Clarab. I dare say hee loves you ; for when I had delivered
My message to him (poor Gentleman !) o're-joyed,
Hee knew not what to say. Till anon, collecting his scattered
Spirits (ashamed I should take notice of his passion)
Hee made mee this answer ; Sweet heart !
Pray (from mee) thank your fair Mistris for this
Noble Courtesie : And let her know, the life I hold
(Too poor a thing to part with in recompence of this great favour)
Is onely by mee valued, but as 'tis her's to dispose of,
I took my leave of him,
And what I could to avoid it, hee forc'd mee
Take a peece, and bid mee tell you,
Sometime this afternoon, hee would
Not faile to wait on you.

Letes. But art thou sure hee'l come ?

Clarab. Are you sure that you would have him come ?
So sure am I hee'l come.

Letes. Dear wench ! what (in this straight of trouble) shall I do ?
My father hath plotted with his brother *Miser*,
That I must into countrey, there to be made sure
To that most fordid wretch, young *Avaritia*.
This must I be forc't to do, or study quick prevention.

Clarab. Study ? I understand nothing of study in it.

Too well you know your fathers temper,

Whose resolutions are unalterable.

What then can you resolve, but bag and baggage (with *Adrastus*)

To be gone to some secure place of safety ?

And you do not know, things being past his reach to compass, how the
Gods may work his alteration,

—*Letes. pauses.*

Letes. I have thought on't ; And must conclude it so.

I had rather marry an *Ethiops*, then one

I shall be sham'd to own. You Gods above, forgive

My disobedience to my father, which you well know,

Virtue and honour both enjoin mee so.

—*Ex. Om.*

Enter at severall doors *Sent-well* and *Mettle* ; *Mettle* falls down as in
a trance, *Sent-well* takes up *Mettle* who looks
distractedly.

Sent. How now friend, are you used to these same fits ?
Now (by my life) it was a shrewd one.

Mett. 'Tis gone ; have you no harm, Sir ?

Sent. What harm ? I understand you not,

Mett. Did you not see it then ?

Sent. What do'st thou mean ?

What should I see ?

Mett. The Gods protect mee from such another sight of horror ;

Sure it has hurt your shoulders.

Sent. What thing? what hurt? what, or whose
Shoulders? Art thou not mad?

Mett. Not yet; I do not know what such
Another sight may do; For sure in a more horrid shape
The Diuel ne're appear'd.

Sent. Do'st take mee for a Diuel?

Mett. You were not farre from one but now,
When hee sat upon your shoulders.

Sent. Upon my shoulders?

Mett. I am glad (for your own sake) you neither saw
Nor felt it: I am afraid there is some fearfull sin
Sits black upon thy soul, that's unrepented of.

You Powers, protect mee from such encounters: Farwell.

Ex. Mett.

Sent. What should this mean? mee thought hee did appear
Too truly 'frighted to abuse mee; His action could not be
Counterfeit; his colour went and came:

I am a Villain, that's certain.

Enter Albinus, hee starts back, throwes of his hat and cloak,
drawes his sword, looking distractedly:

Albin. Heavens, protect the man. What art thou?

I do conjure thee in the names of all the Gods, speak,
Why in that hideous shape do'st hang on that man's shoulders?

Sent. Who, mine, Sir, do you mean?

Albin. VVhy do'st not speak to it? See, see, 'tis down and beckons thee,
As if the businesse it had on earth, concern'd thee onely.

Sent. Heavens blesse mee, Sir, I see nothing.

Albin. Look, look, there it walks; speak to it (I say)
It beckons thee to follow it: So, so, now 'tis gone,
Just there it vanish't.

Into what a cold clammy sweat 't has put mee?
The Gods guard mee from such foul fiends.

How do'st thou feel thy self?

Sent. Sir, truly, not well. I am somewhat 'frighted
At what, you say, you saw.

Albin. It is impossible; Did'st thou not see, nor feel it?

Sent. Not I, Sir, truly.

Albin. 'Tis wondrous strange:
Friend, look into thy conscience, and
There search if unrevenge'd blood
Cry not for justice.

Sent. Truly, Sir, I never had a hand in murdering any body.
I must confesse, many a poor soul I have undone,

Albin. Thy conscience be thy judge, which well examine,
And I am confident you'l finde it clogg'd

VVith fearfull crying sins, *Ex. Albin.*

Sent. 'Tis true, 'tis true, they are crying sins indeed.
These are no idle fancies; this Gentleman is a stranger too,

aside

And

And did but confirm what the former saw.
 Mee thinks my sins circle mee round, and in a ring
 Unmask't, appear each in their horrid shape.
Gripe-man, (thou Author of my ruine)
 Thou now appear'st a monster. 'Curse on the time;
 I ever saw thy face.
 You Gods (above), forgive mee. 'Tis time well spent,
 My eyes being open (now) for to repent.

Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter *Adrastus*, *Albinus*, *Symphronio*, and *Mettle*.

Adrast. COULD you perceive it wrought at all upon the slave?

Albin. RARELY; the Rogues bones made mutick in his skin.
 I strongly do beleeeve (if the slave be not quite given o're)
 It will convert him.

Symph. Hang him, flint hearted slave, hee's unrecoverably pent.

Mett. Hee vanish't like our Divel; hee has
 Quit his imployment upon it.

Albin. I tell you, hee is converted.

Adrast. *Symphronio*, prethee tell mee, Were it
 Not strange *Albinus* should turn converter
 Of the wicked?

Symph. Strange as a frost in August.

Albin. Yet you had hang'd your selfe, had I not wrought you meanes
 To court your fair *Letesfia* and what had then (think you)
 Been of your soul become?

Symph. *Adrastus*, What can you say to that?

Adrast. I grant hee did a pretty handsome cure (indeed)
 His Master-piece.

Albin. Indeed, your Mistresses.

Adrast. Time calls away to visit her.
 Gallants, where shall I see you some two hours hence.

Symph. Wee'l wait you at our Lodging.

Adrast. Agreed.

Albin. *Adrastus*, My service to the fair servant
 Of your fairer Misthis.

Adrast. Hangs your mouth that way?

Albin. No, you mistake, all that I have stands
 That way.

Adrast. That may be doubtfull. Farwell.

Albin. May all thy undertakings prosper,
 To thy noble souls desire.

Ex. Omnes.

Enter *Letesfia*, *Clarabea*.

Letesf. Sure, wench, thou did'st mistake; Art sure hee promised to be here?
 'Tis more then two of clock.

(door.

Clarath. By none but Lovers clocks; I know it wants of two. — *Knocks at*
Now.

Now, what say you? Am I mistaken?

Upon my life 'tis hee.

——— *Ex. Clarab.*

Letes. My modestie will not give mee leave to acquaint him

With what (more then the world besides) my heart desires.

You Gods, I hope hee'l move it first,

That wee escape together, for I shall never do it.

Enter Adrastus. (Clarab.)

Adrast. The joyes the Gods delight in most,

Still wait upon you, fair One.

Letes. I should ungratefull bee, should I not wish you share in them.

Adrast. Preserver of my life, so much have you engaged your creature,
It were a study too presumptuous for mortals to requite.

Letes. If I have done you any, truly, I am glad. But ——— *Shee pauses.*

Adrast. But what, blest Saint?

Letes. But I much fear, it will not lye within the
Compass of my weak power to do you more.

Adrast. Rob mee not of a joy, the hopes of
Hath transported mee.

Letes. I am, by the expresse command of my father, charg'd into the
Countrey, and there to try how I can like a suiter of his choosing.

And one (hee is resolv'd) whether I like, or not, must be my husband.

Adrast. 'Tis an unjust resolve; (I do perceive, your Maid
Is no stranger to your counsels, Lady)

Letes. I should ill reward the service shee hath done mee,
Should I requite it with distrust.

There's nothing (I dare think) I dare not trust her with:

Adrast. It is a noble performance, to be faithful,
And deserves high reward.

Now since you are pleas'd to acquaint your poor Creature
With what so neer concerns you,

I humbly shall request what you resolve to do in't.

Letes. Sir, you urge to know what lies not in my power
To satisfie.

I gladly would be assisted (by some

Judicious friend) what I should do

In such a weighty businesse as this is.

Adrast. Then 'tis no time to dally.

Do you love mee so, to make mee Master of your self?

A happinesse (by all the Gods) I would not change

For what (besides) this world affords ——— *Letes. pauses.*

Clarab. Pray Mistris speak ——— no ——— Sir, shee doe's.

Be confident (I know) shee doe's.

Is this a time to nourish bashfullnesse?

Sir, pray think what's to be done.

And for the rest,

Take poor *Clarabes* word.

Letes. Thou art not mad.

Clarab. No, nor would have you so tame, to fool your self.

Out of the joyes you aim at, next to heaven.

Pardon mee, Sir (I pray) if I appear too saucy.

'T would make one mad to know as much as I.

And see how doubtfully shee would appear, in what (I know) is in her heart confirm'd.

Sir, shee is yours. Will you confesse it Mistris?

Letes. It is a truth, my breast (spight of resistance) Will it self discover.

Adrast. May I enjoy this blessing without envy from above?

No enamored God descending to forbid the banes.

takes her by the hand.

Religious fires, without passion kindled,

Temperately burn, and last to out-live the envious world,

Whole narrow breasts wee'l give leave to suspect,

Not comprehend our joyes.

Clarath. Why this is as it should be.

kisses her.
Come fondlings,

Now wee shall have you as bad as t'other side.

Leave billing, and resolve what's to be done.

Adrast. Thanks, good *Clarathen*, for thy remembrance;

For I had almost lost my self in joyes unspcakable.

My dear *Letesia*, (so I dare call the now)

Hast thou made choice of any course to steer in this Same sea of trouble, mixt with joy?

Letes. Truly, not any I; My shallow judgment is too weak To comprehend what's to be done in things of this high nature.

Clarath. Sir, That's your part to act.

Adrast. Which I, with all respectfull care will labour to perform to our Souls comfort. And to our great assistance, I have two noble Friends I dare Call trustie, as thou thy best *Clarathen*.

Clarath. Sir, be confident, that little life I have, shall willingly (in toil) Be spent to see your joyes compleated.

Adrast. It is beleeved, *Clarathen*, and it shall be my carefull study to finde Out some noble way of requital. My *Letesia*, I now must leave thee

Till my next return, which shall be speedy, as our safety shall permit.

My trusty Friends (I must impart my secrets to) expect

My coming; whose help I must make use of in our speedy flight.

This kiss, and so wee part.

kisses her.

My person moves, with thee remains my heart.

Farwell, thou faithfull servant.

Ex. Adrast.

Clarath. The Gods protect you, Sir.

Letes. Amen to that. *Clarathen*, thou hast plaid the wagg Sufficiently to day, and yet I do forgive thee.

For, I confesse, I am glad 'tis our; I would not have it to do

Again, for half my fathers ill-got coyn.

Clarath. And now you talk on't,

You should do well for to provide good store of it.

You know not what may happen.

Letes. Happen what will or can, I'll not diminish one penny Of his wealth, so many curses goes along with.

No *Clara* be, he shall not say I rob'd him.

What money, and jewels of my own
I have, I'll carry with me, the rest let him enjoy.

Clara: I think I hear him Cough', come let's away. ——— *Exit One*:

*Ent: Adrastus, Albinus,
Symphronio.*

Albin: Did not I tell thee *Adrastus*, that her Maids-messuage
was a prologue of confirmation to your late seal'd bliss.
Well the Gods give the Joy, thou hast the mine of vertue,
her Maid's, a handsome scab, and well qualified.
I read it in her face.

Adrast: *Albinus*: Thou dost not know the worth that's in
that Virgin thou talk'st of, by all the Gods (setting
Letitia aside) I know not where to match her,
believe it, she is not what she seems to be, (I mean)
not born in so low a condition, but by some misfortune
fallen to it.

Symph: I must confesse, her language, shape, and carriage
speaks her of better breeding, then her present state makes
known. But what course (*Adrastus*) do you intend to take,
you cannot hope so have her Father's will to this.

Adrast: 'Tis true; And therefore would advise with you, what's to be done
her Father being resolved (speedily) to send her out of Town.

Albin: Let him do so, then seize her on the way, and bear her
to some place of safety, in which we'll both assist you
with our lives and fortunes.

Adrast: Noble friends, I thank you. But that must not be the way,
for first, her Father will not send her with a lesse guard
then two, from whom, we cannot take her (with our security)
without we take their lives (which all the Gods forbid)
but they'll pursue us strictly.

No, no, I have contrived a way much safer.
You *Albinus*, (since you have pleased to proffer me

(so fairly) your assistance.) I shall request to visit
the old man in your accustomed disguise,
t'will clear me from suspect. You shall enjoy

Symphronio here in Town; And fair *Clara* be:

who I intend to leave, to give me constant notice
how her Master takes his Daughters flight,
as also which way his genius drives in search of her,
while fair *Letitia*, and I, steer to *Wettrudenberge*,
where (by *Mettle*) you shall have timely notice what's further
to be done. How like you this contrivance?

Symph: Why very well, as can be wish'd.

Albin: It stands for me, on goes my mouldy Cloaths again,
it's once more be a brother. And when I know my part,
let me alone to act.

Adrast: The next is, that you prepare all things in such a readinesse.

You

You may (in one hours warning) be fit to march to us.
For if the old mans fury will not be taken off,
it's quickly over Sea.

And therefore I have chosen a Port Town to lye in.

Symph. For that, let us alone. Come Gentlemen
(our business thus concluded) let's to the Tavern
where I long to hear, the resurrection
of our lost Brother.

Albin. It will produce some mirth.

Adraft. Come. It's make one for a single pint. ————— *Ex: om.*

Enter Letitia, Clarathea.

Letit. Clarathea, Me thinks, thou art more sad, then thou
wer't wont to be. Thou know'st, thou art partaker
of every thought my heart dares entertain.

And (I hope) you will not make me a stranger unto yours.

Clarath. I must confesse (dear Mistress) you have. And that the usage
of your poore creature, hath been more like a sifter
then a servant. And since it would unworthily appear
in me, to keep ought from you (that have so liberally
thrown your secrets in to my bosome) prepare to hear
a story, much like your own (although much more unhappy)
My Father ————— *She weeps.*

Letit. Nay weep not good *Clarathea*: what are thy story be
deliver it not in tears.

Clarath. Pardon me (Dearest Mistress) if the remembrance
of my ill fortune, make me distill a tear, or two:
but I have done.

My Father (what ever I appear) a Gentleman well known
it's East parts of this Countrey, had (by a vertuous Gentlewoman)
two Daughters, and a Son, which Death seiz'd on about the
Age of seven, Leaving my sifter, and my self to enjoy
what (in those parts) was thought no mean Estate.

No sooner were we grown of years fit to be courted
but we had Suiters store. *My Father*, as he was wealthy
so he was neer enough, And aim'd to Match us to the ablest
Men for means amongst us; not much regarding how our
affections bended (the onely cause of (his my present greif)
Not two mile distant from my fathers house, there lived
a vertuous Gentleman, had many children to bestow,
and little to give with them.

The eldest of his Sons loved me intirely well, and yet
(truly) no more (I think) then I loved him.

We, head strong in our affections, without consent of Parents
joyn'd (in sight of all the Gods) our hearts, not (lawfully)
to be divided, whilst my Father had resolv'd to Match me
otherwayes. And not doubting my consent, had promised me
to a rich *miser* Son, I had not seen bove twise (and that
I thought too much.) *My Father* press a speedy consummation

of this Match, commanding me (with speed) for to prepare
to be his Bride. Now Dearest Mrs: (you that know what
love is) easily may guess, the affliction I groan'd under.
Seeing no other remedy, I plainly told him I could not marry him.
For that I had given my self away to one more worthy,
(a story full of strangeness unto him) who betwixt doubts
of jest, and earnest, smild, but so, like warrish Sunshine
fore a rainy Day. At last, perceiving 't was a truth I speak,
fell to revile me with such language, my innocent thoughts
ner' understood. Making me Prisoner in his own House,
not suffering any to come neer me, but such as he appointed.
Gorianus: (so was my unfortunate Lover call'd) having
intelligence of my sad sufferings (for his sake) challenged him
into the Field. My Father, thirsty for his blood, with odds
of weapon (as by severall of my Fathers Servants I was inform'd)
kild him. For which (for a time) my Father fled, but what
with Friends, and mony soon wrought his pardon.
I, much ado to be kept alive.

At length recovering a little strength, in one of our Maids
habits, changing *Affia* (for that's my name) into *Claratha*,
got hither, where 't was my happy fortune, in midst of miserie
to be by you received.

Letisi. Bestrow thee *Claratha* (for I must call thee so)
that thou no sooner mad'st thy story known, I should have
made a difference between thee, and a servant.
But shall hereafter, be proud to call Thee my companion.
Dispair not *Claratha*, we may (yet) both be happy;
And be confident, *Letisi*, can be Mistressse of nothing
but her *Adrastus*, but what Thou shalt command.

Clarathe. Thanks Dearest Mistressse.

Letisi. Prethe so bear to call me so, or thou wilt make me blush.

Clarath. You have been Mistressse, Mocher, Sister, all to me, which when
I forget to acknowledge, may I live to know more miserie
then I have yet undergon.
Some body knocks.

Claratha opens the doore

Met. Mrs: the faithfulest of your servants commends his--- *Mettele* enters,
best of love, and this unto you.

gives her
a letter.

Letisi. I hope he do's enjoy his health.

Met. He makes no great enquiry after Doctors. Lady.--- *Letisi* reads.

Clarath. May he live long without the need of any.

Met. Fair Maid, my Mr: lives your debtor for your well wishes.

Letisi. What's thy name?

Met. My name is *Mettele*: your humblest servant Mistressse.

Letisi. Here drink this. Remember me
kindly to your Master: tell him I should
(at his best leisure) be glad to see him.

gives him
money.

Met. I shall fair Mistressse. I humbly thank your bounty.
Farewell fair Maid.

Ex: *Mettele*.
Letisi

Letefi: *Clarabea*, here is somewhat in this Letter
I fear me will displease thee.

Clarab: That is impossible, if it may tend to do you service. — *Letefi reads*

Letefi: Vertuous fair one, I have since my departure from thee *Adraft.*
(with the assistance of my faithfull Friends) concluded *Letter.*
of our remove, which will be so sudden, that I must request
thee to prepare those necessities you take with you,
to be in a readinesse at a minutes warning.
Remember me to thy faithfull Servant, who, I must request
to stay behind (some small time) to observe her Masters
actions. My noble Friends (I leave behind)
will upon the receipt of a Letter from me, accompany her to *Gestrudenberg*
where we shall stay their coming.
Fail not to burn this Letter.

Thine to Eternity,
Adraftus.

What saies my Deer Companion,
is't not too great a trouble to insist
upon thy patience, to stand the shock
of my Fathers fury, when he shall know I am gone?

Clarab: Not any, I am better acquainted with his temper,
(let him but hold his hands) then to be troubled, at what
his tongue can utter.

Letefi: Come then my best *Clarabes*, for till it be thy will
to alter it, I still shall call thee so,
we must go pack up for our remove,
for tis to me unknown, how soon we shall be summoned:

Clarab: What you command, I ever shall with joy obey. — *Exit: One*

Ent: Aibee: Rogastus.

Aibee: *Rogastus*, the orders from our Generall speak,
we must be carefull both by Sea, and Land, what strangers
we admit into our Garrison. Pray let it be your care
to see the word be given, that not an Officer of mine
may plead ignorance for his neglect.

Something there is in it that much concerns the State:
And as I guess, they saine would make a stop, of some
that would desert this Land, which we must look too.

Rogast: Sir, can you guess what Persons they should be they aim at.

Aibee: Faith not, my Major will return this Night,
of whom I do expect some Letters of import.

Rogast: Sir, tis strange to me, the sword being in our hands,
we should from time, to time be put of thus, and not receive
our pay.

Aibee: Tis true, but a little patience payes us. For know,
the time approaches near for us to pay our selves,
(a frugal way our Masters have all had before us)
and now our turn comes next, there being a powerfull
Army raising to oppose us. The which, before we can
encounter, the Country we must drive, as what concerns

us most. And *Rogastw*, he's a fool, sence ruine we intend
that in the act, can't get enough to spend.

Rogastw: Tis happy news, I long to be at the sport.
How I shall laugh to see the Bacon eating churles
upon their knees for six pence in the hundred of their
own coyn which il'e in State deny them.

Asbe: *Rogastw* take order that your sentinels, bawl noe for
relief, as they have us'd to do.

Your Corporals use no justice, in their relief,
but as affection guides them, which, let me but find out,
il'e lay them neck, and heels.

Rogastw: Sir, it shall be my care to see it remedied. Ex: Ogr.

Ent. *Gripe-man*, and
Clarabca.

Gripe: Tell me when she went, and where she is,
or by my vexed soul, il'e rip thy heart out,
and find it there.

Clarab: You may rip it out if you please, which when you have done,
t'will but confirm your error.

Pray Sir, Argue but reason, would it not ill become
your servant to examine you, where you go,
and what your business is abroad?

Gripe: Why tell me, Thou Witch, could she convey her things
forth of the house without your knowledge?
Go, not a syllable of reply. Find her me out
or il'e invent tortures unheard of for thee.

Clarab: Sir, The Witch you threaten, cannot conjure
for your Daughter, I will assure you.

Ex: *Clarab*.

Gripe: I am undone, betrayed, to my eternall ruine.
Where should this Where be gon? some villain hath
intic't her. I'll find her hants out, if the expence
of my estate will do it.

Ent: *Albinus* disguised
as formerly.

Albin: Save you worthy Sir.

Gripe: Not so worthy, as you conceive.
I am not worthy my own Childs keeping,
but I will turn the inside of this whole Land outward,
but I will finde her.

Albin: Good Sir do, and all honest men shall thank you,
we then shall have it right again.

Gripe: I tell you Sir, I have lost my Child, my only Child,
and I must find her out.

Albin: If you find her out, she must be above one and thirty,
and then (I hope) she is past crying.

Sir you are not well, il'e visit you some other time.

Gripe: I cry you mercy Sir, I am distracted, nor can you blame
me much. My Child, my Daughter, my only Child is gone.

Albin: Pray Sir whither.

Gripe: You do not mock me Sir.

Albin

Albin. Not I can assure you.

Gripe. Why then I tell you, she is gone (for ought I know)
to the Devill. ————— *Ent: Sent-well.*

Sent-well: My joy, and
comfort's gone.

Sent. Your torments then are coming.

Gripe. You are a comforter for the Devill. ————— *Sent: Starts back frighted, and*

Sent. Again, where, where, the Gods protect me; *looks behind him,*
where, what Devill.

Gripe. Art thou Mad too.

Sent. Yes, and tis you have made me so,
look back upon your sins; That Devill you talk
of els, will haunt you, as he hath done me.

Gripe. Leave of thy idle talk, and send thy spirits abroad
to find out my *Letesia*.

Sent. If she be lost find her your self, for so you shall
for me, know (if she be gone) tis a just plague
the Gods have layed upon you for your cursed life.
He be no more your Drudg, and instrument of
wickednesse, you have undone my soul, and body.
You now may list me down, amongst those wretched
souls, made miserable by your tyranny.

The Catalogue of which is infinite:
But ile unmask you; And to the world
display such horrid truths, shall vex the Friends
of hell to see themselves (by you) out down in villanie.

Gripe. I am amaz'd, the whole world's conspired against me.
This Villain is possesst. O my brains, my brains.
Great Lucifer, I do conjure thee summon *Boniface,*
Mabomet, Copernicus, Machiavil, Ephraim,
and all thy Learned Politicians in thy black *Cass*
to invent a torment (yet unheard of) to inflict
upon this slave. For 'tis resolved you dye.

This Councel set, your torments (then) grow nigh ————— *Exit Gripe.*

Albin. I fear, he is distracted past cure,
you touch't him to the quick.

Sent. I speak but truth Sir: And I wish it may
do good on him, he hath long gone astray. ————— *Ex: Om.*

Ent: Rogastus, Adrastus.

Letesia, and Metile.

Rogast. Sir, you stir not a foot further without a Pass.

Adrast. Which I could easily have procured, had I suspected
any strictnesse in your Garrison.

Rogast. You must go back and get one, now you know it.

Adrast. Sir, the favour will be great, please you to let me have
a Lodging in the Town, which I shall pay for. to their full
content. And for your cutesie, I shall study some
noble requital, worthy your acceptance.

And

And that I preſe thus earneſtly is in the behalf of this young Gentlewoman unuſed to travell.

Rogaſt: Pray be ſatisfied, we have no lodging, or if we had, we keep none in our Garrifon for Whores.

Adraſt: Thou foul mouth'd Villain, take what thou deſerv'ſt. — *Adraſt*: ſtrikes him, they both draw. *Rogaſt* falls.

Letſe: The Gods be mercifull, and guard my Love.

Rogaſt: Villaine; Thou haſt ſlain me.

Adraſt: Thou ly's't, my ſword did but it's office, it was thy tongue that hurt thee. — *Ent. Souldiers*.

1 *Sould*: Kill the ſlave, has murdered our Lieutenant.

2 *Sould*: Hold, let's carry him to our Governor.

Bring the Lieutenant to his Quarter, make haſte, and call our Chlurgion, leaſt he bleed to Death. — *Ex: Sould. bearing of the Lieutenant*.

Come Sir, you that dare kill our Officers in our own Garrifon, you, and your Mialon, muſt along with us.

Adraſt: Honeſt Souldiers, as you are men, procure in ſome good Houſe, a Lodging for this Gentlewoman, for which, I liberally will reward you.

What I have done, my life ſhall answer.

Lay not uncivill hands on her, ner e harbored evil thought.

1 *Sould*: Trouble not your ſelf. The Governor will provide

Lodging for you both, ſhall hold you

Look to the Wench, ſhe ſaints.

Letſe ſaints away.

Adraſt: Angels protect thy Life, how it is ſweeteſt.

2 *Sould*: She comes again unto her ſelfe. Miſtreſſe cheer up, (poor Gentlewoman) heres none ſhall hurt you.

Letſe: I can receive no harm, if he be well.

Adraſt: Why I am well (my Dear.)

Souldier, your Language ſpeaks Chriſtianitie.

Pray drink this, your reward is ſtill behind — — — *Giver him money* if you'll aſſiſt this poor diſtreſſed Maid.

2 *Sould*: Sir I thank you, but can do nothing till our Governor hath diſpos'd of you. Then if we can do you, or her any ſervice, you ſhall command us.

Ex: Om.

Ent: Albinus. Sympronio.

Symph: Was he ſo much enraged.

Albin: By all the Gods, he will run mad, (I fear.)

And that ſame Rogve, that we poſeſt, the Devill haunted ſo, is ſo far from jealous that we did abuſe him.

That he will ingage his ſoul (which now he doth intend to Husband to his beſt advantage.)

The Devill really haunted him.

Symph: Works is any good on the ſlitt harted ſlave.

Albin: The moſt reformed man alive, And preaches nothing

Gripe-muzz: but he's damn'd. And that he

thunders in his ears, to the great terrour of his
guilty Conscience.

Symph: How takes *Gripe-man* such language from his Mercury?

Albin: Why faith, but scurvily; And conjures up the Devils
to invent unheard of torments to afflict him.

Symph: What course (dost think) he'll take to find his Daughter?

Albin: I cannot guess, till he hath spent his fury.

I long to hear of *Adrastus* his safe arrivall with his Mistress,
would one of us had gone along with him,
he was but weakly guarded, with his Man *Mettle*.

Symph: It was his own desire.

Albin: Tis true, his Letters, which I speedily expect,
will clear our doubts.

Ex: Am

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Gripe-man: Sol:

BE mercifull you Gods; And let me see my Child
before my breath depart this totterd mansion.
But how dare I invoke the Gods that must be just
in punishing my unexampled life.

How gashly (now) the wounds in my black Conscience
doth appear. So numberlesse, and mighty are my horrid sins.
The remnant of my life, only to think them or'e
would be too little, what time would they require
(then) to be sorry for.

First, let me (with advantage) make amends, those many
souls by my unheard of Villainies, made miserable,
whose Prayers, may as a Cordiall refresh my far spent soul.
My horrid treason against my just, and sacred Prince
for vengeance call aloud.

The ruine of my Country, which (to my best of power)
I have been actor in. The least of which considered,
I am but gently scourg'd.

O my *Letitia*, poor innocent Girl, thou hast not sin'd
to be a sufferer with thy cruell Father. Twas I conspir'd
thy ruine——— It must be so, my covetousnesse
to match her to young *Avaritis*, hath forc'd her to this flight.
You Gods above, restore me but my Child; And ille become
your faithfull Penitent.

And what I have unjustly from poor souls detain'd,
I will restore, till all cry hold, they've gain'd.

Ex

Enter three Souldiers.

1 Sould: Have you heard how the Councell of War hath disposed
of the young Gallant that wounded our Lieutenant,
t'was a shrewd hurt, t'was ten to one he had not kild him.

3 Sould: I hear he shall be hang'd.

2 Sould: You are mistaken, for when he had his sentence to be hang'd,
thating so base a Death, he prov'd he had been an Officer

In the late war against us. And must be shot to death.
Trust me, I pity him, he seems a gallant person.

1. *Sould.* Me thinks 'tis great injustice he should die,
The Lieutenant (as the Chirurgion doth give in) being likely
To recover.

2. *Sould.* 'Tis true, but since it is their pleasure he shall die
What cannot they pretend to take away his life.
They say he fell upon our Guard, and that (though not
Discovered) he had more aid which fled, though
I dare say, there's nothing of it true, could I but save his life
I willingly would venture a limbe.

1. *Sould.* And he that shoots him, may his hands rot off for me.

2. *Sould.* Amen, say I. Come let's to the Parade, where we
Shall know, what hour he dies, and who are
Chose his marks men.

Ex. Om.

Enter Atbeos, Sol.

My eyes have not beheld a more diviner shape.
Her beauty hath inflamed me to that height, I must
Enjoy her, though I survive no minutes after.
She dotes upon that slave that wounded my Lieutenant, for which
He dies, for when she knows him dead, her love
Like the affections of most women, will die with him.
But should she continue obstinate, and hate me, as having
Power to save his life, I then were further off obtaining
My desires. But I will court her high. Rich gifts are
Baits, that beauty often bites at. Laborious cunning,
With a weighty purse, in time will do it.
If nothing will prevail, this follows next by course
What I not fairly can, I'll do by force.

Ex.

Enter Albin. Symph.

Albin. I wonder much we hear not from *Adrastus*:
I know no reason for it, I have been strangely troubled
Since his departure, the Gods grant all be well.

Symphronio: you shall along with me to old *Gripemans*
To see if he continue in his Frantick fury.
Besides we shall of *Claratha*, understand what course
He hath taken in search of his fair Daughter.

Symph. Go when you will I am for you. *Enter Mettle.*

Albin. *Mettle*: I somewhat fear the goodness of thy news
Thy looks betray some sad mischance.

Mett. weeps.

Nay, if thou weep'st 'tis vain but to suspect it.

Mett. 'Tis sad indeed. For if you make not haste, you'll never see
My Master more alive.

Symph. Is he so dangerously sick.

Mett. No, Sir, he wants no health, this letter will take you off---*gives Albin.*
From wondering at my language. *a Letter.*

Albin. He must not long out-live him, by whose means he falls. *Alb. reads.*

Symphronio peruse those sad contents. *Symph. reads.*

G

Come,

Come, come *Symphronio* : 't is no time to grieve ;
But to resolve, what 's to be done, where's fair *Letesia* :

Mett. She is close prisoner in the Governour's house,
And none but such as he appoints, comes near her.

Albin. Poor Gentlewoman, I will redeem thy *Adrastus*
Or perish in the attempt.

Symphronio : I shall intreat thee, stay (yet) a while
In Town, and visit *Gripeman* as my Brother :

The rest contrive thy self, onely to see what course
He steeres to finde his Daughter.

Claratha shall along with me, her present service
May stand *Letesia* : in some sted.

And be confident, you shall (by *Mettle*) speedily hear
From me, how all things stands.

For so it may fall out, that you may do great servis
For *Adrastus* here.

Mettle : run to *Claratha* : tell her, she must provide
(Immediately) to go a long with me to her Mistres.

Mett. I shall Sir,

Ex. *Mett*

Symph. Since you conceive my stay may be afurtherance to my
Distressed friend, I faithfully shall study (here) to act
Whatever your directions shall employ me in,

Albin. Thanks noble *Symphronio* : Fare thee well.
My brains are all on fire.

I long to act, what, I in heart desire

Ex. *Am*.

Enter *Atheos*, *Letesia*.

Athe. Lady, you do exceed in grief, you wrong your beauty
To lament for what's not in your power to remedy :

He is but a man you grieve for : And there are more
It'h World as handsomely active as he.

Clear those fair eyes, and tell me, if my self

(I must confesse unworthy) may deserve your love.

Letesi. Do you love me then.

Athe. My actions (fair one,) shall satisfie that doubt.

Letesi. I take you at your word, then set my husband free.

Athe. That's not within the compas of my power to do.

Letesi. You are a dissembler, and prophane the name of Love.

This is not nobly done to triumph over a weak woman,
(Through her ill fate) your slave.

The conquest you will gain by't, may well be added
Amongst the Trophies of your great victories.

Achiev'd in this rebellion.

Athe. Lady, the usage you have found (and from a stranger too)
Deserves more civil language. But I'll forget it.

And doubt not, this foolish passion over,

But you'l consider, and be sorry for it.

Letesi. Never. For know, lay it in thy power to make me empress.

Of the World. I would not out-live my husband
Many hours to enjoy it.

Atbe. Lady. I see this is no time to urge a serious answer from you.
But yet remember, you are in my power, and (if you please)
You may be happy. Think on it.
So fare you well.

Ex. Atbeas.

Letesia. Where am I, or of whom can I expect relief.
Was ever wretched creature so miserably unhappy as I am.
And shall *Letesia* live, and my *Adraſtus* die,
And I his murderer?

Thou might'st have lived brave soul the pattern (still)
Of virtue. But I have robb'd the World of such a jewel
The Gods esteem'd too rich, to bless this earth with.
I must (in justice) sacrifice my life to him that I have ruin'd,
For on my knees (before the gods) I vow
When I shall understand his death, caused by this
Act of mine, one hour not to out-live him.

She kneels :

There is no hope of mercy (on honourable terms)
From such a heap of sin, as this.
Was ever woman courted (by a villain) to her dishonour
Just in the act of murdering her husband?
And shall I not revenge thy death (brave soul)
It is decreed.

That hand that murders thee, that heart shall bleed. *Ex. Letesia.*

Enter Albinus, and Clarathea,
both disguised

Albin. Could'st thou (*Clarathea*) readily finde the way to the
House we came from.

Clarathea. Most undoubtedly I could.

Albin. And give perfect directions to *Letesia*.

Clarathea. Such, as she shall not miss.

But Sir, are you confident, they will be honest, in what
(I must confess) they chearfully have undertook
to be most secret in?

Albin! O *Clarathea.* The woman was my Nurse, whose milk
Innocent, as the Livory it wore, still sympathized
With Loyal blood. She can betray nothing
But her own fear, how much she wants to do.
Not suffer for her friends.

Adraſtus and *Letesia's* lives, thrown upon less assurance
Might (though in their safeties) justly
Have call'd me murderer.

Pre thee *Clarathea*: how do I look, May I not pass
For currant, without a superscription written
On my back, this is a Traitour?

turns him about,

Clarathea. You may. But Sir, the danger's great you undertake.
Do'st thou consider mine, and slight thy own.
Thou wonder of thy Sex, Thou mak'st me (blushing)

To confels, that when I have paid my debt to friendship
By laying down this inconsiderable life.
I have but imitated thee, a woman.

Clarath. Pardon me worthy Sir, I do confels, I may resolve,
But yet, may stagger too, in the performance of such a piece of friendship
Had I not a guide to light me, more strange
Than is a blazing Star.

Albin. It is too pitifully strange (indeed) to finde true friendship.
Farewell (brave soul.) Be carefull of the hour takes her by the hand.
And directions of the way. For *Letesia's* impatient Love,
Should she but miss *Adrastus*: some few minutes,
Might be occasion of their certain ruine.

This kifs, so, farewell earth Kisses her.
Our meetings next in Heaven. Ex. Albinus.

Clarath. And may the noble example of thy friendship
Be as a Star to future ages Ex. Clarath.
To light them unto virtue.

Enter *Gripe* man.

Symphronio.

Gripe. Sir, if I not mistake you are a stranger to me.
What may your busines be.

Symph. Sir, I am brother to a Gentleman (made happy in your
Acquaintance) his name *Adrastus*.

Gripe. Away out of my sight, I know your busines well.
Sir, know, I have left those cursed ways, that would have
Headlong hurried me to Hell. Be gone I say.
And if you be his brother, tell him I do advise him
To repent, and not betray his friends.

Symph. This is strange, he is converted.
I must another way to work. 'A side.
Sir, you do mistake my busines. My brother not being well,
And sorry to think what he had undertaken, sent me
To let you know his change of minde.
And bade me tell you, in any thing that's noble, and honest,
He faithfully would serve you.

But to betray a friend, or do an act unworthy,
He would not for the World.

Gripe. 'Tis honestly resolved, you now are welcom.
I love your brother for it. Young man follow his steps.
And covet not by base sinister ways to hoard up wealth,
Least thou be Father but of one virtuous childe, He weeps.
And have that taken from thee.

Symph. Sir, your tears hath easily gain'd credit in my belief
It hath been your sad case.

Gripe. Indeed it hath, and could I but enjoy my Childe,
I would (with comfortable tears) labour to wash
My too bad sins away.

But 't was my fault, seeking to match her to a covetious

Wretch

Wretch, she thus deserted me.

Symph. Suppose, in this her time of absence, she should bestow
Her self on a more noble choice, though not so rich,
Could you forgive her, and (with joy) receive
Your Child again.

Gripe. O worthy Sir, there's Musick in your tongue, receive her,
Yes, next to the joys above, on earth, I know none like it.

Symph. I am glad to hear you say so,
And though I am a stranger, to your Daughters flight
And place of being, keep your house, and I doubt not
But ere long to be the happy bringer of the joyfull news
Your Daughter's well, and shew you where she is.

Ex. Symph.

Gripe. Blessings go with thee, thou art my good Angel.
How gracious are the Gods (so soon) to hear my prayers.
The hope I have of what I would injoy,
Hath made me young again.

Ex. Gripe.

Enter *Adrastus*, *Albinus* as in
Prison.

Adrast. Dear friend leave off to urge it.
Canst thou believe *Adrastus*, values his wretched life
At such a rate to purchase it with the loss of thine.
I should be branded for a Coward upon record, should I accept it.
No, no, Thou miracle of friendship, preserve thy noble life,
To imploy it in thy Prince, and Countreys cause.
There wants such guides to honour, and desert.
Poor Letesja: I call the Gods to witness, were't not to part
With thee, my death would be as welcom as my sleep.
But since it is the pleasure of the Gods, we shall not here
(On earth) injoy. I freely do bestow her on thee. *Albinus*,
Take her, and be confident, thou wilt finde her worthy
Thy acceptance. And may you live long, and happy
And once a year,
Water my sad remembrance with a tear.

Albin. Pardon me *Adrastus*, for I must speak my thoughts.
Your language, or religion, I am mistaken in.
You would bequeath fair *Letesja* to me, your self
Resolves to Murder. Hath she so ill deserved,
For her return of Love, and loss of friends
(Only for your sake.) And will you requite her love
With taking away her life.

Adrast. Protect me innocence, I understand you not.

Albin. You shall do then. For know, *Letesja* hath sworn
Not many hours to out-live you, which shee'l perform
Maugre, the Worlds resistance.

Can you deny, to save that noble life, that hath engaged her
Own (so far) for yours, and make her own white hands
The instruments of her death. Be mercifull, if not for pitie,
For shame of th' World, which will cry out in Ballads

Gainst the Murder. *Claratha* too (That faithful 'lit of
Servants) at the same time shift's cloaths with your *Letesia*:
Who will not fail to meet you at the house appointed.
Where should she miss you, her impatient Love might put
The whole frame of our great business out of joint.
And, for that you do suppose, I loose my safety in preserving
Yours, you much mistake, I have not gone so simply to work
But I have secured that.

Adraft. Make me but happy in that assurance.
And it's desire to live, if but to call thee friend.

Albin. Know then, I have brib'd, some of your guard
To assist me in my escape. Come, come, no words, withdraw,
And let us shift our cloaths. Be confident in your going out,
And no man can suspect you.

Be sure, keep fresh in your remembrance, the directions
To the house you meet at, as what most near concerns you.
I cannot hear, therefore make no reply,
No complements (dear friend) when death's so nigh.

Enter *Atheos*, and *Souldiers*.

Ex. Om.

Athe. Where stands the wind,

1. *Sould.* North East.

Athe. Run to the Key, and give order, the long Boat be made
Ready, and mann'd with able men. I'll out to Sea anon,
Two, or three leagues. Saw you your Lieutenant lately.

2. *Sould.* Sir, I did this morning, and found him pretty hearty.

Athe. Where are your Serjeants.

2. *Sould.* Sir, I left them at their quarter but now.

Athe. Go, and from me give them strickt charge they speedily
Draw out all those commanded men I gave them order for.
He have the prisoner shot before I put to Sea.

Ex. Athe.

3. *Sould.* Now what say you, you that were confident
He should not die for this.

2. *Sould.* Why, I say I am sorry for it, and could almost die for him:
There is no Justice he should suffer death for this;
For what he did he was provok't too by uncivill language.

3. *Sould.* 'Tis all the Justice (now) in fashion, every man in office
Makes his will, his Law. Were all the Souldiers
In the Garrison of my minde, he should shoot him himself
And that (I think) he dares not do, and
Look him in the face, come let's go.

Ex. Sould.

Enter *Atheos* and *Claratha* in
Letesia's habit.

Athe. 'Tis your best way to tell me where she is gone.

Clarath. It lies not in my power, or if it did, can you think
I, that have undertaken thus much for her, will now betray her.

Athe. Art' not afraid of Torture.

Clarath. Not I, I can assure you, I came to undergo
What you d are lay upon me.

Athe. That's nobly spoken yet. Let me but this night enjoy thee
And ile not onely forgive thee all, and set thee free our
Garrison; But generously reward thee.

Clarath. Sir, I thank you for your courteous proffer, but ile not buy
My freedom at that rate, Had my Sister stayed
(Perhaps) you might have had her consent.

Athe. She jeers me. _____ aside.
I do believe I should, was she your Sister then.

Clarath. She was.

Athe. And do you love her so well to die for her.

Clarath. Indeed I do.

Athe. Then speedily prepare, your time is short:
Or will you (yet) consent, do but consider, what it is to live,
Which weighed with what you foolishly deny,
And you must yield in reason.

Clarath. Indeed I must not, and when I do to save this wretched life.
May all diseases mankind hate most
Proclaim it on my fore-head.

Enter 1. *Souldier.*

Athe. So brave.

1. *Sould.* Sir, the prisoner wounded our Lieutenant is fled,
And another in his cloaths left in his room.

Athe. Then (by the Gods) the Marshall shall to Torture.
This is brave juggling. Lady, you know (now) who this
Valiant villain is, that dares die for his friend.

But you have Engines (I doubt not) now at work
For your escapes. But ile prevent them.
And since you are so valiant you dare die;

You shall have your desire. *Souldier*, run to the Goal
And let the Gallant know, at five a clock this evening
He dies. For, by my Tortured Soul, at my return from Sea,
(Without you do repent, and yield to my desires)
You both shall suffer death.

Ex. Sould.

Clarath. You'l ease me of a pain, ther's nothing else
Can quit me from.

Ex. Om.

Enter *Adrius*, *Solus.*

What are we men, we should desire to live in this frail
World, where there is nothing certain, but uncertainty.

To day, with the rising of the Sun, rais'd to the height
Of what our joys can aim at. And by his setting;

Ruined, and forgotten: A friend _____

Twas friend I said.

The Eccho,

Answers friend.

Hark how the retorting Eccho (shrilly) through the grove

Eccho answers

Conveys the name of friend, and rests its self,

again.

As weary in the Toyling search

Of what deserved that name.

And shall my friend, (the worthiest of what deserves
That Title) die to preserve my life. No.

Athe. Dear *Leticia*: whom (by the Gods) I love, and value

Next

Next my honour, thou must excuse me.
 Too well (I know) *Albinus* did but pretend the way
 Of his own safety, to encourage me, in the securing mine.
 How soon that fatal sentence of his death
 May be pronounc'd, I know not.
 Something I must pretend to fair *Letesla*, of business
 For some time, which will be difficulty obtain'd.
 Forgive me (my *Letesla*.) my honour is more than life
 Justice, and friendship (now) parts man, and wife.

Exit.

Enter *Albinus* in *Adraustus* cloaths,
 and two Souldiers.

Sould. Sir, it is the pleasure of our Governour, that I should let
 You know, about five a clock this evening, you must prepare to die.

Albin. Thanks honest Souldier, there's for thy news ——— gives him
 He shall not take me unprovided ? money.

Know'st thou what death, he is resolv'd I suffer

1. *Sould.* Shot, I believe Sir, for there's no order to the contrary.

Albin. It is a noble death, I thank him for.

2. *Sould.* Would I could save your life.

'Tis pity such true friendship should be cut off.

Albin. Thank thee, noble Souldier. ——— A great shout
 without.

1. *Sould.* Truly, Sir I know not, ——— Enter Corporal.
 How now Corporal, know you the reason of this shout.
 Hark, the great Guns are fired too.

Corpor. Yes, it is to welcom a Gentleman ashore
 That this day saved our Governour's life.

2. *Sould.* By what strange means, there was no storm at Sea.

Corpor. No, no, 't was thus. Our Governour, no sooner had put out to Sea,
 (Whether to take the air, or make himself Sea-sick,
 I know not) But a small Boat of Pirates, well mann'd
 With Musketeers, hid in a small creek, whipt out,
 And got between our shore and them. Who being far
 Too nimble for our Boat, having more Oars,
 Soon boarded them, who to save their lives were forc'd
 To yield. When (to the amazement of our Governour,)
 This Gentleman now landed, (and then their Captain)
 Clap't in our Governour's hand, a good broad sword,
 Bidding our men (if ever) now fight for Liberty, and enjoy it.
 Himself giving a brave testimony to our doubtfull men
 By the death of two, or three of the chief Pyrats, that he was in earnest.
 This done, they all fell to it. The Pyrats distracted at this
 Surprisal, not knowing what to think (and less to do)
 The major part was soon cut off, the rest brought prisoners in.
 In this same skirmish, we had but two men hurt.
 And this brave Gentleman (the preserver of their lives)
 Received two wounds iⁿ the shoulder.

{ No

XUM

Now you may judge, whether our Governor hath not just cause (nobly) to entertain this stranger.

2 *Sould.* Come let's go see him.

Sir, we wish it lay within the compass of our powers to serve you.

Albin. I thank you honest Souldiers.

Ex: Om:

Ent. *Letisia. Sol.*

disguised.

I was a curst to let him go, what business can he have here in a place he is a stranger to.

His noble soul will not endure to let *Albinus* suffer in his cause. And this a plot (by him) contrived for to procure my safety. You powers above, that looks with joy on penitential tears.

She weeps.

behold a poor beblubbered Maid on bended knees —

She kneels.

to implore your mercy.

Let not your vengeance fall upon the innocent, for the Guilties sake, spare my *Adrastus*, and lay your load on me.

She

But if my cruell Fathers sins cannot be wath' off, but with our bloods, we'll make one sacrifice.

rises.

And since our bodies are denied to enjoy, our bloods shall mingle.

And drop out life together.

Ex. *Letisi.*

Enter *Atbeos*: The new arrived Strangers.

And Souldiers.

Atbe. Worthy Sir, you are welcome to your Garrison, for while's you please to stay in it, it must be so.

My life, I hold of you, which when you please command I'll sacrifice to serve you.

Straing. Sir, your bare acknowledging me your servant, hath wip't off, what I have, or can be serviceable in, and made me (now) your Debtor, which I shall never be unable to confels, although not pay.

It was my love to vertue, and my Country, commanded me to do no less, then to indeavour your safety (together with my own) from such rude slaves as those, for whom (I must confels I did; (but sore against my will) some small service, having been late their Prisoner, which gain'd me that command, you saw I had amongst them.

Atbe. Sir, you shall or'e come in this, and all things els.

And be assured, what entertainment this Country can afford (within the bounds of my command) shall not be wanting to serve you.

I have a right to entertain you with, (tis probable) you have not often seen. Souldiers, are the marks men ready,

I gave command (to day) should be drawn out.

1 *Sould.* They are Sir.

Atbe. Go, and give order to the Marshall, he bring the Prisoners

forth to execution.

Ex: 1 Sould.

Com: Sir, will it please you walk, where I shall shew you a handsome Creature, which will needs taste death, for to preserve her Sisters life. The like example of friendship in a Gentleman for his friend, one that I ne'r yet saw.

Straing. Is such examples of friendship common in these parts?

Albe. These are the first, and rarest (should they hold out touch) I ever saw, or heard of. Will please you walk.

Straing. Your servant waits you Sir.

Ex: One

Enter *As on the Parade*. Albinus bound.

Claratha in Letitia's Habits veild.

Adraulus disguised. A Guard
of Souldiers.

Albin. Dares that Villain Tyrant (your Governor) hope to find mercy in the other world; That can commit such horrid murder on a harmlesse Virgin, that hates bad deeds as much as he doth Virtue?

You Gods above, redeem an innocent Maid forth from the jaws of this Rebellious Woolf. The act appears so horrid, it will not let me dye in peace.

2 Sould. Peace, here is our Governor.

Ent: Albe.

Albin. Yes, I will hold my peace.

and Stranger.

You Tyrant, Governor, Villain, Monster of Men.

Albin unveils her.

Look on this heavenly form, as innocently fair

Straing: Starts at

as thou art's finfull soul. And

sight of Claratha

tell me, if thy flesh not tremble to be her murderer.

Straing: You Powers (above) protect me, what vision's this.

It is some Angel, hath assum'd that shape to make my wounds bleed fresh.

Albe. Sir, are you not well.

Straing. Somewhat there was, that I have seen, much like that face that troubles me. Good Sir, what may her Name be.

Albe. Mistresse, what may we call your Name.

Clarath. Tell now, the unfortunate Claratha.

Albin. Cheer up (brave Maid,) Thou art so far from acting

what may beget a fear, Angels rejoice, they have beg'd

thee from this world, to enrich their Throne,

whilst this admiring world gropes in the dark,

as wanting virtues light.

Clarath. Dies

Clarath. Thou sacred Spirit speak.

the stranger.

T'was kindly done to come and bear

me company, to the other world.

Claratha. faints away.

Albin. Help, help, the faints.

Straing. Tis she, tis she, you Gods, rob us not of our joy so soon,

Gentlemen, for Heavens sake help.

Enter Letitia disguised

Apss speak one word of comfort.

Tis thy Curium calls thee.

So, so, she's dead.

Sir, If I have ought deserved at your noble hands,
(in what you may) assist this vertuous Maid,
in whose well being, consists my life.

Albe. Souldiers (some of you) lay by your arms. And run for my
Sedan, fly you Villains.

Dear Lady, pardon your penitent servant,
who only did intend to shew you Death in him
to see how bravely you could bear it out.

Clarath, Doth my *Corianus* live, or do I Dream.

Corian. Thou comfort of my soul. Thy *Corianus* lives.
Lives to enjoy, what the rich *Oceana* treasure
should not buy for me. My best *Apfia*:

Albe. Sir, this passion tells me, she should be of some value to you.
And I am gladly happy it so falls out, that I may serve you
for the life I hold.

Souldiers make ready, and fire at that stout Villain.

Adrast. Hold, hold I say. Thou foul mouth'd tyrant.
There is more worth lodg'd in that noble brest of his
then would redeem (forth from the jaws of hell)
thy soul design'd for Ruine.

Let all the unreconciled world, that stands deriding
at the Name of Friend, wash their bespattered souls;
And here fall down, and worship.

O *Albinus*, thou hast our done story, for where invention
found not charity to purchase a belief
in thee, they may behold their error.

Here you tyrant, take the blood you thirst for, ——— *Tore open his Doubles, and
puls of his Disguise*

I am the mark you aim at:
T'was I that wounded your Lieutenant.

Apfia. My Dear *Corianus*, if you have any power to prevail
speak for these worthiest of Men; They will deserve your love,
as Persons I have been preserved by.

Corian. Sir, Then I must begg (what is you please to grant)
you everlastingly engage your Creature.

That since your Lieutenant (unfortunately wounded by this Gentleman)
is past Deaths present danger, that all may be forgot
between your self, and those two Gentlemen (the unparallel'd
examples of true friendship) for whom, besides what
obligation, my *Apfia* charms me with, I am bound
(upon my knees) to plead for. And will engage, they shall
deserve your love; And prove your Gratefull Servants.

Albe. Sir I have given you the power, dispose of them, and me
as you please. Souldiers, unbind the Gentlemen,
he is no more your Prisoner. And now we stand all three
your Debtors for the lives we hold.

Adrast. Worthy Sir, what you have (so liberall,) engaged for us. ——— *Turns to
Corianus.*
shall be performed. My Life you have preserved,
which I shall husband to the best advantage

The Loyall Lovers.

(in all obedience) to your commands.

Corian. Sir, I must proclaim my self a Traytor to my own reason, should I not endeavour to preserve those lives, I must in mercy to my self (if it's seek honour) imitate.

Letesi. takes off her Disguise.

Letesi. And doth *Letesi* live, to see her Dear *Adrastus* free, worthiest of Malda, I joy to see (as for my self) thee lodgd in those blest arms thou gavest for Dead. Thy vertue hath redeem'd us all.

Apfi. I ne'r could do service worthy your acceptation till this hour. And what (through weaknesse) I may want to serve you. I know my *Coranin* (gladly) will perform.

Corian. Lady *Apfi*'s Friends, commands the Life I hold.

Come my *Apfi*, I shall unfold thy Fathers plots, and charge he gave his servants to confirm me Dead, which (once) began to grow disputable, through the festering of a wound he gave me. — *Ent: Symph, and Gripe man.*

Adrast. *Symphonias.*

Symph. The very same I can assure you.

Sir, (it I mistake not) this is your Vertuous Daughter. — *Turns to Letesi.*
Ney, flinch not fair *Letesi*. *Letesi. starts back.*

I bring you none but friends.

Gripe. And lives my *Letesi*; My Child, my Daughter? — *Adrast. and Letesi. kneels.*

Adrast. Yes, and *Adrastus* your Son to, I can assure you.

Gripe. My blessing on you both; And with it, all I have.

Adrast. Worthy Sir, (my Father now).

Gripe. Come come, no words; All is forgot, all is forgot.

My joy is too great for me to contain.

This sight, hath filld my veins with youthfull blood,
I hardly can beleve I am mortall.

Albe. This is a Day of joy, worthy remembrance.

And Gentlemen; And Ladies, what I have done displeasing to you. Pray forgive it.

And if you please to solemnize your joyes
in this poor Garrison, what is, and the Country
can afford, is yours.

Albe. We humbly thank you Sir.

Gripe. And should accept this noble curtesie,
did not my House call home,
which pray command as yours.

Where I, with Feasant, Cocks, Parteridge, and Plovers,
will nobly feast you; And these *Loyall Lovers*.

THE AUTHOR
To his Honorable Friends.

WHat such a weak foundation can support,
yo have read, which well may serve the vulgar sort,
as a good Winters tale, where brown bowl sence,
may stagger the attentive Audience.
At least so highly please, that the whole pack
shall swear, in Ales more vertue then in Sack.

But how amongst your worthier Brefts, I will take,
or what impression in your judgments make.
Lo, I submit too, yet dare hope no less,
Then that your mercy I save me from the Press;
which if I am squeez'd to Death with, tis my fate,
some Dye with too much, I for want of wait.

To his dear Friend the Author.

IN stead of Epilogue, I chide thy Wit,
at least thy judgement for suspecting it.
Hast thou so much taught Friends what to do,
and fears't to suffer amongst the Loyall crew,
who let's thee loose by this, plainly discovers,
was ner (yet) truly Friend to Loyall Lovers.

Ed: Asben.

TO THE HONORABLE
MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

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IN SENATE
JANUARY 18, 1890
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